

1921

# Hog Squid



dope sick number

KODAKS

VICTOR RECORDS

## DEUEL'S DRUG STORE

WATERMAN  
FOUNTAIN PENS

DUNHILL, BBB,  
TREBOR AND  
KAGWOODIE  
PIPES

### OH ME! OH MY!

Lips were made to kiss,  
Hands were made to squeeze,  
Women's hearts were made for men  
To do with as they please.

Love was made for many,  
Flirting made for all.  
Women's hearts were made for men  
For men have none at all.

The  
James McKinnon Co.  
Photo Engravers

Plates for College Annuals  
Class Books and all illustrative purposes  
Quality first. Prices Right.

257 Main St.      Springfield, Mass.

Father (to young suitor): "Why, young man, you couldn't even dress her."

Suitor: "'Z' at so! Well it won't take me long to learn."

*Lord Jeff*

First: "I sure felt tickled today."

Second: "How's that?"

First: "Mother just sent me my woolen under-wear."

"Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"What's this?"

"It's bean soup, sir."

"No matter what it has been, the question is what is it now?"

*Virginia Reel*

### If You Don't Smoke Them, We Both Lose

The	The
FENBROS CIGAR	E. & J. CIGAR
8c, 2 for 15c	13c, 2 for 25c

### The E. & J. Cigar Co.

*Manufacturers of Cigars*

Wholesalers of  
Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco

25 Main Street      Northampton, Mass.

## HICKEY-FREEMAN CLOTHES

Ready-To-Wear  
or  
Custom-Made

THOMAS F. WALSH  
*College Outfitter*

Prof.: (after long-winded proof): "And now we find that  $x$  equals 0."

Sleepy Stude: "Hell! All that work for nothing?"

*Siren*

There is safety in numbers—so long as you can keep each thinking she is Number One.

*Tattler*

"Poppa, what are cosmetics?"

"Cosmetics, my son, are peach preservers."

*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*

AW!!

"Staying up for the Centennial?"

"Naw, I'll be up for the next one, though."

*Virginia Reel*

## The Davenport

*The haven for  
House-party Guests;  
Class, and Fraternity Banquets*

MRS. J. K. W. DAVENPORT  
Phone 440

"Is Ruth a girl of good principle?"  
"She ought to be."  
"How come?"  
"Well, she's a capital sport, and she draws a lot of interest."

*Bowdoin Bear Skin*

## THEY'RE SPEEDY MARKERS

"I hear some of these Profs. lead a fast life."  
"I doubt it; none of 'em passed me this year."

*Gargoyle*

He: "Shall we go outside for a little walk?"  
She: "You boys do have the funniest way of saying what you mean."

*Banter*

## Play The Hits

**Tenor Banjo**

**Mandolin Banjo**

**Mandolins**

**Ukelele**

**Guitar**

Special short courses that instruct how to play "popular music" with all the effects by an experienced teacher.

Complete line of instruments, including the famous "Gibson".

*Right Goods at Right Prices*

THE COOKE STUDIO  
Sherwin Block, Main St., Northampton  
(over 5 and 10c Store)

"Arriet went to a medium to communicate with her late departed 'usband. She was soon connected."

"Is that you 'Arry?"

"Yes 'Arriet."

"Are you 'appy 'Arry?"

"Yes, 'Arriet."

"Are you much 'appier than you were with me 'Arry?"

"Yes, 'Arriet."

"Is 'eaven very nice, 'Arry?"

"'Im not in 'eaven, 'Arriet, I'm in 'ell.

*The Owl*

---

### SCORE!

Football Enthusiast (as first opponent is carted off the field):

"One down, ten to go!"

*Record*

Frosh: "What time does Chapel start?"  
Soph: "Right before breakfast."

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Fresh Youth (to lady with a very low-cut dress): "I'm wondering what keeps your dress up."  
The lady: "Your self-control."

*Lampoon*

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## Mitchell Belkin

### PHOTOGRAPHERS

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241 Main St.

Studios

Phone 1753

Northampton, Mass.

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*Special Rates  
to Students*

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Experts in  
developing and  
printing  
your films

Films developed  
FREE  
to students

## Carl Schuy

### Tailor

Not only the best but the most reasonable for pressing and repair work.

### THE FIRELESS TELEPHONE

In Hades: Hello!  
In Heaven: Hal-o!

*Judge*

---

### THE OTHER ONE

Highbrow: "Is she his fiancee?"  
Lowbrow: "Naw, that's the skirt he is going to marry."

*Williams Purple Cow*

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### VOL'STEADY THERE NOW!

Tom: "What's the matter? Lame leg?"  
Jerry: "Nope, boot-leg."

*Penn State Nitwit*

## Amherst Book Store

### Fountain Pens and Banners

A large assortment of all kinds of Fiction

Step in and let me show you the new  
Lefax Note Book

C. F. DYER

### A CO-ED OF TWO WORLDS

When Liz dines out she says with ease:  
"Oh, won't you pass the butter, please?"  
Home when that stuff she wants to have,  
She says, "Maw, slide across the salve."

*Ohio Sun Dial*

Billy: "I feel wound up to-night."  
Tilly: "That's funny. You don't seem to go."

*Virginia Reel*

### SO WOULD WE

Prospect: "I would like to see a first-class  
second hand car."

Salesman: "So would I."

*Burr*

### LET THE

## Sing Lee Laundry

DO YOUR WORK

*All Work Guaranteed*

1.

Fishing, fishing,  
One of the gentlest arts;  
Whether you fish for fish,  
Or whether you fish for hearts.

2.

Fishing, fishing,  
It's all in the hands of fate;  
But then your success will depend more or less,  
Upon what you use for bait.

## E. F. CARLSON CO.

### CONTRACTORS

ALUMNI MEMORIAL BUILDING  
GIRLS' DORMITORY BUILDING  
CAVALRY HORSE BARN

244 Main St.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

## HOMESICK

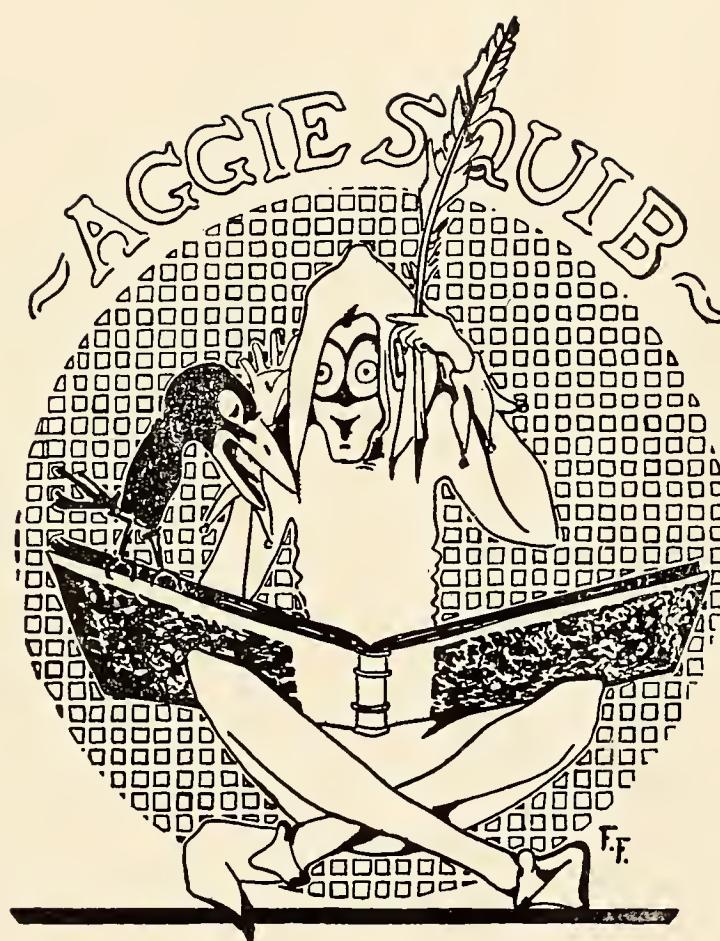
How dull this grammar is  
—I'm sick of books,  
For all I've done for years and years is this  
—I'm thin as spooks,  
I wish I were home!

These dismal days all seem to drag  
—I feel so queer,  
When time's so slow, and dead, and bound to lag  
—It seems a year  
Since I was home!

The food is poor I've had  
—You ought to try  
The biscuits Mother makes; they're not like lead  
—And oh, her pie—  
If I were home!

My girl's forgotten too  
—They're fickle things;  
When you are gone, they'll have another new,  
—They'll have their flings,  
For I'm not home!

I'm tired, I've got a grudge  
—I'm sick, that's all,  
I can't keep up this dreary, dismal drudge  
—Though I have to crawl,  
I'm going home!



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IT'S rumored about that one of our Profs. is so absent-minded that when he entered his office the other day and noticed a sign on his door, "Back at four o'clock," he sat down to wait for himself.

*Gargoyle*

"THAT'S a hell of a note," said the monkey as he sneezed into the saxophone.

*Scalper*



# Editorials

**F**OR most of us sophisticated upper-classmen the pangs of homesickness tend to come in mid-summer when we pine for Toby, or the gridiron, the girl, or for the men of old Aggie. But we all remember how along in the first term of our first year we felt like packing up and going home to mother. It is to the Frosh, then, that this issue is primarily dedicated.

It was a sad, sad blow for many a prospective agriculturalist whose ears had been filled with the beauties of Aggie, when he finally arrived at this far away town. He found that he must pass entrance examinations no matter how influential his father might be. He found that if conditioned in any subject he could not take part in athletics. He found the sophs most disagreeable, trying to rob him of fifty cents for a poster, paddling him, parading him, pulling him through the pond and tossing him into the pond. It was a sad, sad world. He could not enter the frat houses, and the upper classmen scarcely noticed him save when there was work to be done.

Cheer up, though, Frosh. You've learned to know your fellows, you've made a good start on your studies, and next term you will learn that we love you just the same.

S

**I**T SEEMS fitting at this time in the educational development of our embryonic yearlings to put before them, in an intelligible form, a type of literature that will appeal to the tastes of such highly trained intellects as those possessed by High School alumni. Squibby has endeavored to incorporate between the covers of this first issue such philosophical forms of humor as may be clear enough to be understood by the most succulent cerebellums, and such other symbols of frivolity as we feel sure will not offend the most modest.

S

In dedicating the initial number of the year we naturally look to the Freshman Class, not because it deserves the honor, but rather because there is such a wealth of humorous material associated with the name "Freshman." So many are the unfortunate experiences of the benighted Frosh that the bold and fearless Sophomore looks on in delight, the dignified and stately Upper-classman looks on in passive indifference, and Squibby records the follies of both.

S

The following men have signified their intentions to enter the competition for membership on the Squib Board:

SHERMAN '24  
COOK '25  
DUFFY '25  
SALMON '25  
BATAL '25  
WILDER '25  
WHITTUM '25

CRAIG '25  
WARD '25  
LANGENBACHER '25  
HALE '25  
WAITE '25  
DEAN '25  
KNOWLES '25

# The Squib



**P**ILOT: Cheer up, mate, if you don't get homesick, you're sure to get seasiek.

S

## MUTUAL ADMIRATION

**T**HE Prof waxed humorous: "I needs must tell a joke," said he; and proeceeded as follows:

*There were three men working in a well when Pat, the foreman, yelled down, "how many are there of yez down there?" "Three," answered the men. "Well half of yez come up," said Pat.*

The class laughed loudly, and eaeh man said to himself, "What an old fossil he is to think that we never heard that one before."

And the Prof smiles as he turned toward the blackboard thinking, "What cheerful dumb-bells these students are. That joke ought to last ten more years."

S

**C**OWBOY Joe: I took that bull by the horns, threw him on the ground and killed him with my poeket knife. When they eame to weigh him they found that he weighed over four thousand pounds.

Cowboy Bill: (looking skyward). Some bull.

S

**V**ICTIM: Offieer, I want to have my wife arrested.

Offieer: Why?

Victim: She rocked me to sleep.

Offieer: Well there's nothing wrong in that, is there?

Victim: Sure, here's the roek,

S

**D**ISEASES found among Freshmen:  
Homesiekness—very prevalent (first term).  
Sopho-phobia—noticeable at onee.  
Drill-phobia—four times a week.  
Quizz-phobia—before first Dean's Saturday.  
Nine-phobia—alarming during first month.

S

## RULES OF THE MODERN DANCE

**O**BEY the motor law—Don't park in corners.  
Wear O'Sullivan's Heels they give you the spring.  
Don't kiss the same girl twice.  
Hold tight so as to be sure of your side of the argument—Is she for or against you?

S

**T**HREE girls went for a Tramp in the woods—he died.

S

**M**EET my bosom friend, Miss Brassiere  
also  
My closest friend with the Initials B. V. D.

S

**“W**HAT are you going to write on for your Egnglish elass?"  
"On paper of course."

S

**T**WO lovers of music attended a musical recital one evening. After the performance was half over Mr. Jones said to Mr. Brown:

Mr. Jones: Do you live in an apartment or a flat?

Mr. Brown: I live in an apartment. Why?

Mr. Jones: Well then you eannot appreciate this flat harmony.

S

**A**POND party is not, as many people think, an afternoon tea. It is deeidedly "wet."

S

**P**RODIGAL son: Mother I have eome home to die.  
Mother: You big stiff you have come home to eat.

---

# *The Squib*

---

Isn't it lucky that the Pilgrims landed on the rock instead of the rock landing on the Pilgrims.

S

## A FABLE IN SLANG

That Fresh Young Man.

ONCE upon a time there was a fresh young man pretentiously equipped with the necessary intellectual proclivities to make his debut before the August orbs of certain Agriculturely engaged Profs. Sporting a manly physique that had caused countless wall-eyed flappers at the high brow bathing places to ogle with naked admiration he consequently had a heavy crush on himself.

Unfortunately for this fresh young man the Greek halls had postponed their premeditated loving parties until the time of Santa Claus. Regardless of that intermittent manly association with numerous other fresh young men, this particular Prep School wonder began to accumulate a healthy spasm of desert "mal de mer" or Bostonian Homesickness and his wailing homeward epistles began to take the form of funereal dirges. Just at the point when the fond parents had signed a contract with the undertaker, they were startled to note a radiant glow in those previously despondent wailings from their young hopeful.

Some unconscious practitioner among the school populace had inveigled our fresh young man into shaking hands with a certain engaging and fluent maiden named Eve. This gifted Daphne had absorbed more than her share of the ancient tradition of the Wollyan tribe during three hectic years of ardent study dealing mostly with ancient and modern man. She was able to divert the hitherto leaf green youth into imagining himself as supping the true Olympian ambrosia, when in reality this particular Siren had Cleopatra and Theda Bara left so far back in the dust they couldn't read her numberplates.

The only hard part of it all was that when the youth went out for infant's football he had to have his bottle regular and climb into bed at promptly nine and as Eve just couldn't tolerate such apparent indifference on his part their romantic Chapter culminated without a climax and our hero ate toast instead of ambrosia.

Moral: Join the International Fussers' Union.

HE: Say Miss, I'd like to dance with you the worst way.

She: Sorry but I don't Jazz any more.

S

I GOT this cigar from Cohen.  
Zat so?

Yes, he said that they were two for a quarter. Well, what of it?

Nothing, only he must have kept the twenty cent one, that's all.

S

## ANOTHER SHELL FIRED AT A SHELL

To the Chem. Lab.

AND once again in with'ring rhyme I tell  
My despair and my hate at sight of thee,  
As, staring forth like lightening shattered tree,  
Thou mockest me with every stinking smell,  
That ever imp of Satan brewed in hell.

Each blithesome breeze doth make thee shake  
with glee,  
For thou hast rotten been since 'eighty three,  
And were unsafe way back when Paris fell.  
Oh that some night I might awake from sleep,  
And hear a crackling noise by the Ravine,  
And see the gaily-colored blazings leap  
As thou wert oxidized, thou stench obscene!  
I'd smile to think how Boston men would weep,  
Then run to help pour on some kerosene!

S

CLERK: What's your full name?

CUSTOMER: When I'm full I feel like a millionaire so you might put down John D. Rockefeller.

S

HE kissed her in the corner for pleasure he was seeking.

He missed her mouth and kissed her nose to find the darn thing leaking.

S

GO 'long Nigger, you ain't got nuff money fo' dis game.

# The Squib

## THE DECEASE OF PROF. EBONYTOP

It is with great sorrow that the Squib board announces to its readers the happy news of the decease of Prof. Ebonytop. He was assigned "The Celestial Kingdom" as his subject for this issue. In accordance with his customary practice of obtaining first hand information concerning his subject, he obtained from his minister a pass to Heaven and a request to any other minister to give him a pass out. He turned on the gas and ascended safely to Heaven but could find no minister there to give him his return trip ticket.

S

S

**W**HAT'S Jaek going to do when he gets through college?

He's going into the ice cream business.  
Must be going to marry a college girl, eh?

The jokes the hired man told us this summer-

No. 1:

S

No. 2:

**T**HEY thought he was grand  
When he left his high school  
But he didn't look grand  
When he dipped in our pool.

No. 3:

S

DELETED

by the

CENSOR.

S

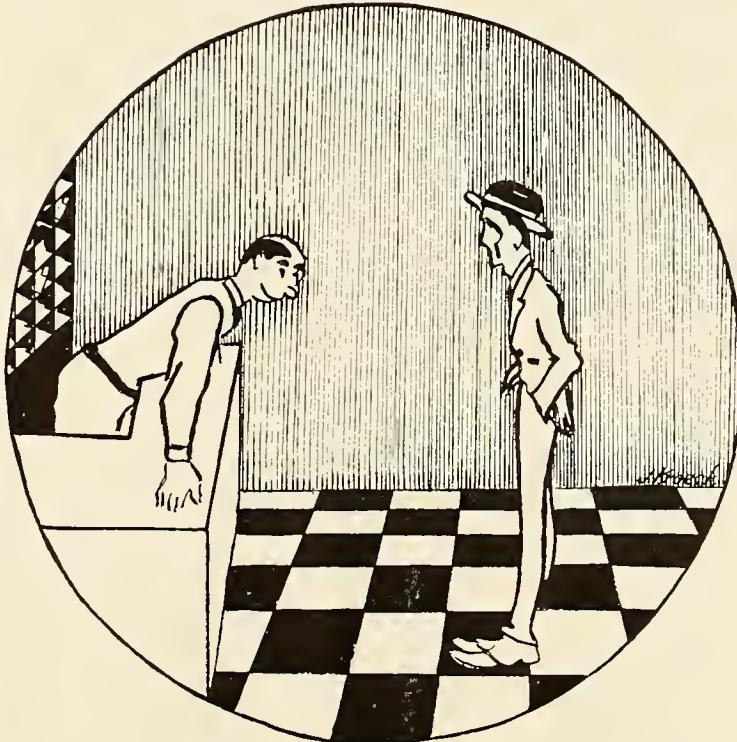
**S**ON: Do you believe in spring training?  
Dad: Sure, if it can be trained to be reasonable.

S

**S**AY, clerk I can't sleep in that room you gave me. The rats have been fighting there all night.

What do you want for fifty cents, a bull fight?

**H**AILING street-ears" may be bad as "The Virginia Reel" pointed out, but we suggest that "reigning monarchs" may do more damage.



# The Squib

## APPROPRIATE EXCLAMATIONS

I ATTENDED a banquet at Draper Hall last night.

Hot puppies!

Coming home, I saw a couple men in my orchard.

Raspberries!

I was awakened in the night by a pounding on the roof.

Great Caesar's Ghost!

In the morning only a volume of the "Pickwick Papers" was missing.

The dickens!

S

PROF: Why are families smaller in the city than in the country?

Sunderland Sim: They don't have to weed onions in the city.

S

## AN ODE TO EVE

WHEN Eve a lovely maid was young,  
While yet in dizzy Smith she swung,  
The fussers oft to hear her voice  
Rushed her all from choice;  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Enchanted by her art of painting,  
By turns they met her glowing mind.  
She praised, disturbed, delighted and refined.  
Still deep at heart the maid was most severe.  
She burst their bleeding hearts with ne'er a tear  
And one by one those fussers fled away  
To seek out other Eves to pet and play.



A PERFECT SCORE

S

THESE modern girls can't do half the things that girls of twenty years ago used to do.

That's right. They can't wear rats with bobbed hair.

S

## A MOONSHINE STORY

JOE: We're going to have rain for two weeks.  
Jim: How do you know?

Joe: The paper says that this is to be a wet moon.

Jim: I never heard of a wet moon. Do you mean a full moon?

S

## ASSISTING NATURE

Abie: Fadder, der's a lady out in front wants a ripe melon. Dose in der window iss all green vuns.

Fadder: Oy, Oy, Abie. Vot a head you got. Bring a green vun back here und tap der end mit a hammer. Dot will make it feel ripe.

S

OUR idea of discretion is well expressed by the Jew who attended an Irish football game. Not knowing what side to root for he remarked to the first Celt he met, "Say, I hope our side vins, don't you?"

# The Squib

## AT THE MOVIES

**J**OHN: That pianist is making a terrible noise.  
Jack: You know he plays by ear.  
John: He must be deaf.

S

## INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**E**INSTEIN, Oi, Oi, Oi.  
**E** DeValera, McSwiney ate nothing.  
Wilhelm II, Acht, nein.

**M**ICKEY: Well my priest knows more than your rabbi.

Abie: Vell, he ought to, you tell him everything, ain't it.

S

**B**UG: Did you know that young people have a tendency to be old-lived.

House: No, but I hear that elderly people usually die young.

S

**D**O you think that you and Grace will get along together?

You bet. The doctor won't let me eat cakes, and she doesn't know how to make it.

**Y**OU'VE noticed this  
also  
As sure as you're  
born;  
The bummer the car  
The louder the horn.  
*Exchange*

S

**S**O old Kale has hired  
two footmen to  
tend his front door?  
I thought that was the  
butler's job?

It usually is; but old  
Kale figures that foot-  
men are much better  
able to kick out the book  
agents.

S

**F**ARMER: I've shown  
ye yer room, an'  
told ye about hours, an'  
board, an' wages. What  
more do ye want ter  
know?

Hand: Let's jest have  
a look about the cellar.

S

**G**IMMIE a match  
Freshman!



A Little Old Scotch

**M**AID: THERE'S  
callers at the  
door, mum.

Mrs. Justrich: Can't  
you learn to be more  
explicit. Go back at  
once and find whether  
they are Arrow or dog  
collars.

S

## WHEREUPON

**S**HE: "I like your  
cigarette holder."

He: "Why I never  
use one."

She: Don't be so  
dense."

*Ex.*

S

**H**E stood beside the  
flowing brook  
His senscs nearly recl-  
ing,

And ventured now  
and then a look,  
For the village bell(e)s  
were peeling.

*Exchange*

S

**M**ANY are cold but  
few get up to  
close the window.



Towne

A SURE CURE FOR HOMESICKNESS

(One Spoon After Supper)

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## The Squib

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### When I Wuz At The "Aggie Fair."

9 wuz to the "Aggie Fair," I wuz. I figerred on seein' everything an' I did. I went into that there "Side Show" what has seven shows in one. There wuz a feller on the stage what started to say a lot of stuff about a little fat boy which looked like Zeke what used to went to school with me.

Then there wuz a other feller what the "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talkin') sed had a bad habit of smokin' a poison weed. I couldn't see no poison weed but there wuz a monstrous pile of burned cigarettes a layin' on the floor all around him.

Then there wuz a feller what had a payer of pyjamas on with an towel around his head like he had a headache, and a red shirt on. The "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talkin') sed he wuz a snake charmer but I didn't see nothin' charmin' about him. He played the fife rotten and then he puts his hand in a basket an' starts to pull out a white halter. I figgered on a snake bein' at the end but there wuz none.

Then the talkin' "feller" (which wuz allers talkin') axt us to take a step over an' see a other freek. I guess he don't know what a step is. "This guy," he sez, "is an cap-tin which has travelled a lot. Along side this here cap-tin were a toy hose like what kids has to play with. The "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talkin') sez that it were a in-barmed hoss of a ancient king what is dead now. I don't think he wuz tellin' the truth, cause I could see plain as day that it weren't a in-barmed hoss but a play hoss what kids play with. I guess I wuz the only smart feller in the crowd cause everybody else believed what the "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talking) sed.

After that im-position (I'm proud of that word) we goes on to the next which wuz a "All-bean-o" At least so the "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talkin') sed. That wuz a other im-position because as fur as I could see (an' I'm fair abserverin') he didn't have no more head then us an' likewise he weren't all head either. An' then the "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talkin') sez he (the "All-bean-o, not him) had 'pink' eyes! I seen he had brown ones! But the other people (what ain't as smart as me) believed it. Again I declarate-it are a im-position! (That's the way politikers sez it.)

The next freek which wuz (two) were the only real ones there. They wuz two bruthers what were ackerbats. One of them sez he's goin' to do a triple summer salt. (It wuz Fall then too). He done it, too, cause I heard him land three times. Then both of them brung out a very heavy bar with a heavy i-ron ball on each end. He sed it wayed two tons. Then the littlest feller grabs a holt on it an' lifts it clean over his head. It weren't very perlite of the big feller to let his bruther do all that work.

After that it wuz all over and the "talkin' feller" (which wuz allers talkin') shut up. It were a nice show.

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# The Squib

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**T**HREE once was a student named Dublick  
Who boasted he never got homesick.  
But he ran short of cash  
And signed on at hash.  
Right now he's undoubtedly home-sick.

S

**Y**OUR tire is flat, mum.  
O, I know, but I guess I can get home on it  
all right. It's flat on only one side.

S

**A**ND so Jane is married? Why she only knew  
the man a week.  
Yes. They say she made a big hit with him the  
first time they met.  
A hit. She must have made a home run.

S

## AROUND THE FARM

**T**HE one thing about the Amherst game that  
puzzles us, is how Amherst flew so with  
only one Wing.

We always thought cotton was soft until we  
scrimmaged against him.

Tufts may have Jimmy LeCain but we think  
Jimmy LeCrutch will be more in demand.

Freddy Cooke was sober one night recently.  
Rats are still thick in North College.  
What is a king worth now? Rulers may be  
purchased for 10 cents.

**L**ADY (in Jap curio shop, when incense is  
burning): Mm, I smell punk.

Clerk (consolingly): Stand right here in the  
corner, Madam, and nobody'll notice it.

S

**P**ROF: When you get to North Adams which  
which way do the rivers run?

Brilliant Frosh: Down Hill.

S

**T**HE grasshoppers on the campus even have  
the Aggie spirit. Their policy is, "Why  
walk when hopping is cheap."

S

**M**OST animals smell better than man. The  
polecat is an exception, and smells worse.

*Zoo Notes*

## TO A LOUSE

**W**EE sleek it, cowrin' tim'rous coot,  
Your raisin' H . .within my boot,  
Thou need na rip and chew so fast,  
For this braw meal is sure to last.

I'm truly sorry human flesh,  
Is so delicious, eaten fresh.  
But then poor beastie, thou must eat,  
E'en tho thy meal consume my feet.

But lousie, thou art not alone,  
In tearing flesh from human bone.  
For starving brothers, not a few,  
Are running wild throughout my shoe.

So thou art blessed compared with me,  
The present only toucheth thee,  
While I am touched from stem to stern,  
To satisfy thy hunger's yearn.

---

# *The Squib*

---

## The Heritage

**I**DWELL in town, for me no more  
Stretch woods and fields the house before.  
Across the street, to side and rear,  
The homes of other men press near.  
Yet, come cold winds and colder rain  
And snow and shortened days again,  
To rural thoughts my mind goes back;  
I want a Farmers' Almanac,  
With longing strange, compelling, mystic,  
And doubtless partly atavistic.  
Old Bay State sires urge, "Take it from us,  
The one you want is good old Thomas."  
New Hampshire answers, "We'll not hev it,  
Now look here, son, you get a Leavitt."  
And thus distracted, nothing loath,  
I compromise and buy them both.

Then first I scan above each date  
Quaint pictures, old, appropriate;  
In Thomas see Sol's classic track,  
The twelve signs of the zodiac;  
While Leavitt limns field work and chores,  
The loaded wain, the lusty mowers.  
I shun the cold months next the cover  
And other chill days further over.

But linger most where summer's charm  
Lies light and sweet on wood and farm.  
I heed no more the winter storm  
My days of June are "fair and warm."  
I hear the drip of summer showers,  
I feel the heat of noonday hours;  
In rest and labor, rain and shine,  
My fathers' life once more is mine.

New Hampshire trusts to Leavitt's promise  
While Massachusetts cleaves to Thomas  
And so their son, a hybrid growth,  
Is well content to swear by both,  
No strain upon the double tether,  
Since both sing sun and growing weather.

*Contributed to the Squib by*

\* ROBERT MORRILL ADAMS,

*Cornell University*

# EXCHANGES



## THE END OF THE RACE

They sat alone in the moonlight,  
And she soothed his troubled brow.  
"Dearest I know my life's been fast,  
But I'm on my last lap now."

*Princeton Tiger*

—S—

Helen: "There is only one thing the matter with you, George."

George: "Why, I always thought I was all right."  
Helen: "That's it."

*Lemon Punch*

—S—

Young Lady (who has just been operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, Doctor, do you think the scar will show?"

Doctor: "It ought not to."

*Lafayette Lyre*

—S—

## ALL FOR NOTHING

"I'm off that bird Jones for life."  
"How so?"  
"Why the other day he asked me to come into his cellar to see his new furnace."  
"Yes?"  
"He had a new furnace!"

*Lehigh Burr*

—S—

First Italian: "Oh looka data bird on da rubber plant!"

Second Ditto: "Sure; he gutta percha."

*Lampoon*

—S—

He: "I saw you get on the street car the other day."

She: "Oh, you mean thing."

*Octopus*

—S—

Diner: "How's the chicken today?"

Waitress: "Fine, kid; how are you?"

*Virginia Reel*

Quite Frosh: "Did you ever eat waffles down at the cafe?"

Very Frosh: "Yep. They're just like a doormat, only they haven't got Welcome on 'em."

*Octopus*

—S—

"They say whiskey shortens a man's life?"

"Yes, but he sees twice as much in the same length of time."

*Siren*

—S—

"I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart."

"Oh? Have you really seen anything so décolleté as that?"

*Virginia Reel*

—S—

"Did either your wife or her car get injured in the accident yesterday?"

"Not very much. Just a little paint chipped off both."

*Lampoon*

—S—

What good does it do us for the fashion editors to tell us the two-piece skirt is coming in, without mentioning how large the pieces are going to be?

*Tattler*

—S—

## IMPOSSIBLE

Nightwatchman: "Who goes there?"

Professor: "A professor with two friends."

Nightwatchman: "What, a professor with two friends, Enter."

*Octopus*

—S—

## NO TICKET NECESSARY

Boss: "Don't you know that this is a private office? How much did you pay the office boy to let you in?"

Job Wanter: "I got in free of charge, sir. It says 'No Admission' on the door."

*Cornell Widow*

Sailor to sea sick passenger: Go as far as you like, but remember, "Don't give up the ship."

*Purple Cow.*

"Who's the baby vampire over there?"

"She's only a school teacher who wants to live it down."

*Purple Cow.*

Lady: "Is this a camel's hair brush?"

Clerk: "Aw, git on. Camels don't brush their hair."

*Purple Cow.*

He: "I spent a lot of money at Kelley pool this winter."

She: "Did you like it as well as Hot Springs?"

*Purple Cow.*

"Why do you compare Mabel's head to a knob?"

"Because it's so easy to turn."

*Purple Cow.*

"Good-morning, have you used Pear's soap?"

"No, I'm not rooming with him this year."

*Purple Cow.*

"How do you stand on the liquor question?"

"As near as possible."

*Purple Cow.*

"Don't get a hair-cut there."

"Why?"

"They treat you barberously."

*Purple Cow.*

"Artie is taking Maude to church."

"Ah, devotional services?"

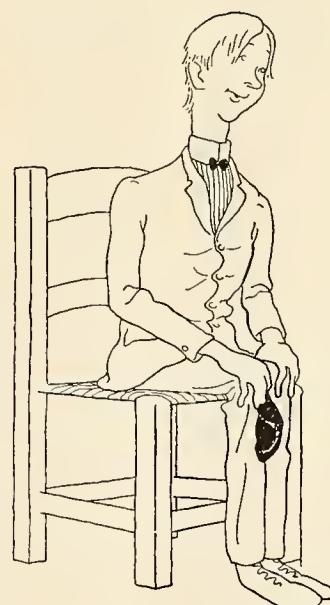
*Purple Cow.*

'25: "Where do you hang out?"

'25: "Do I look like a laundry?"

*Purple Cow.*

Advice to  
Freshmen!



Be respectful to Upper Classmen—

Remember, Freshmen should be seen  
and not heard—

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Jerry: "Why, I don't wear glasses."

Tom: "Where'd you get that rib on your nose then?"

Jerry: "Oh, that comes from drinking out of Mason Jars!"

*Virginia Reel*

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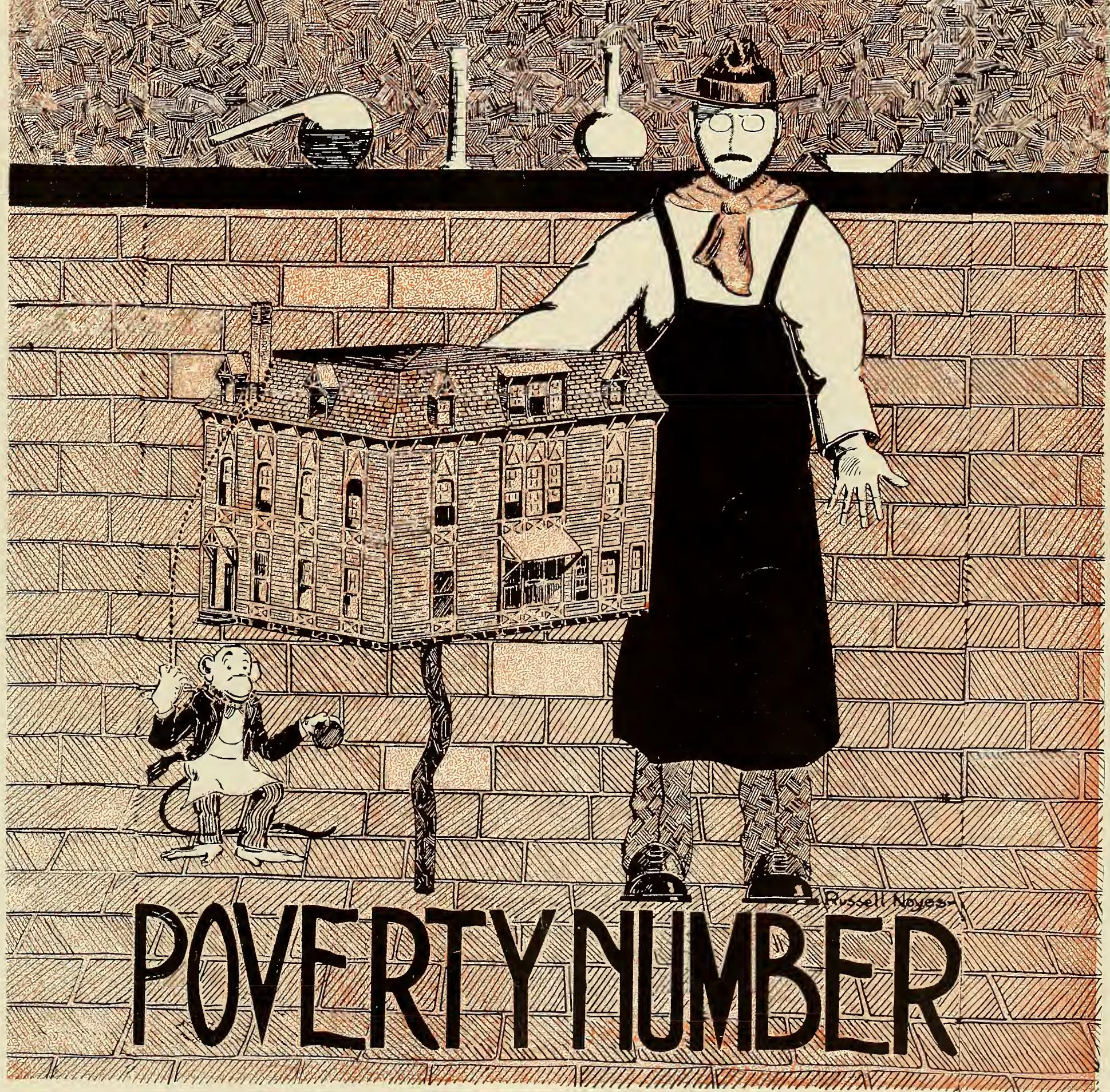


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KAGWOODIE  
PIPES

### THE EVERLASTING BONFIRE

A colored citizen of Oakland was recently asked by another colored gent if he knew how hot hell was. "Does I?" was the reply. "Ah suah do, suh. Des' take all de wood in Maine, all de coal in Pennsyltucky an' all de oil in Cal'forny an' set 'em afiah. Den take a man out'n hell an' th'ow him in de middle ob de mess, an' dat man would freeze to deff. Dat's how hot hell am."

*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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Clarence(to the waiter as he entered): "Let me know when it is eleven-thirty."

Lucy(sweetly): "The time or the check?"

*Sun Dial.*

Frat: We have a new dish-washer at the house.

Frater: How so?

Frat: I noticed the difference in the finger prints on my plate.

*Froth.*

She: "Don't you just love nights like these?"  
He: "No, sometimes I study."

*Wisconsin Octopus.*

He: "I'm the best dancer in the country."  
She (sweetly): "Yes—in the country."

*Siren.*

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A large assortment of all kinds of Fiction

Step in and let me show you the new  
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### THE VANISHING POINT

Ethel: Is she economical?

Gladys: I should say she was. You ought to see the evening dress she made out of her last summer's bathing suit.

Certain politicians could put Machiavelli in a kindergarten class and charge him for lessons.

"Look here, doctor, isn't that a pretty stiff sum to charge me for that operation?"

"My dear sir, consider how much of it I have to turn over to the government."

"How long has Bilter been married?"

"Individually or collectively?"

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First Egg: Let's speak to those girls in the corner.

Second Egg: 'Sno use; they are telephone girls.

First Egg: What of it?

Second Egg: They won't answer.

Panther.

### HOLD HIM

Jasper: Well my girl finally showed up.

Jester: Showed up to where?

Scalper.

Barr: "I owe a great deal to that woman on the corner."

Rale: "Sort of guiding spirit, eh."

Barr: "Naw, she's my landlady."

Sun Dial.

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### AS SHE AM SPOKE

"Liza, I hears 'at yoh daughtah's church weddin' was some sho' nuff skrumpshus function."

"I'll say 'twas. 'At 'ere gal ob mine flang a wicked nuptial, ef I does say it myself."

*Nashville Tennessean.*

### SOME BRAND

"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a gramaphone."

"You don't say! If I smoked two hundred of those cigars I wouldn't want a gramaphone; I'd want a harp."

*Boston Post.*

Farmer Burns (to hired man): Come, get up. It's half past four. Don't you know the early bird gets the worm?

Hired Man: Why get up? You must have the worm by now.

*Royal Gaboon.*

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### BACKFIRE

A current yarn about a liquor-loving Irishman has a smile in it. "Father," said he, on meeting the parish priest one day, "phwat is lumbago?" Seeing an opportunity for needed reproof, the good father replied: 'Tis a terrible disease which comes from drinking up booze and chasing around nights."

"Is that so?" said Pat. "It says in the paper that the pope has lumbago."

*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

### LET THE

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Roberta: What do you mean by kissing me?

Robert: I just couldn't help myself.

Roberta: But you just did.

*Virginia Reel.*

"Do you smoke Home Run cigarettes?"

"No, indeed, I smoke one-baggers."

"Never heard of them. What are they?"

"Why, Bull Durham, of course."

*Widow.*

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge.  
"Ye-es," stammered the prisoner.

"To whom?"

"A woman, sir," answered the guilty one.

"Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge.

"Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yesire," the prisoner said brightening, "my sister did."

*Gargoyle.*

## FOREWORD

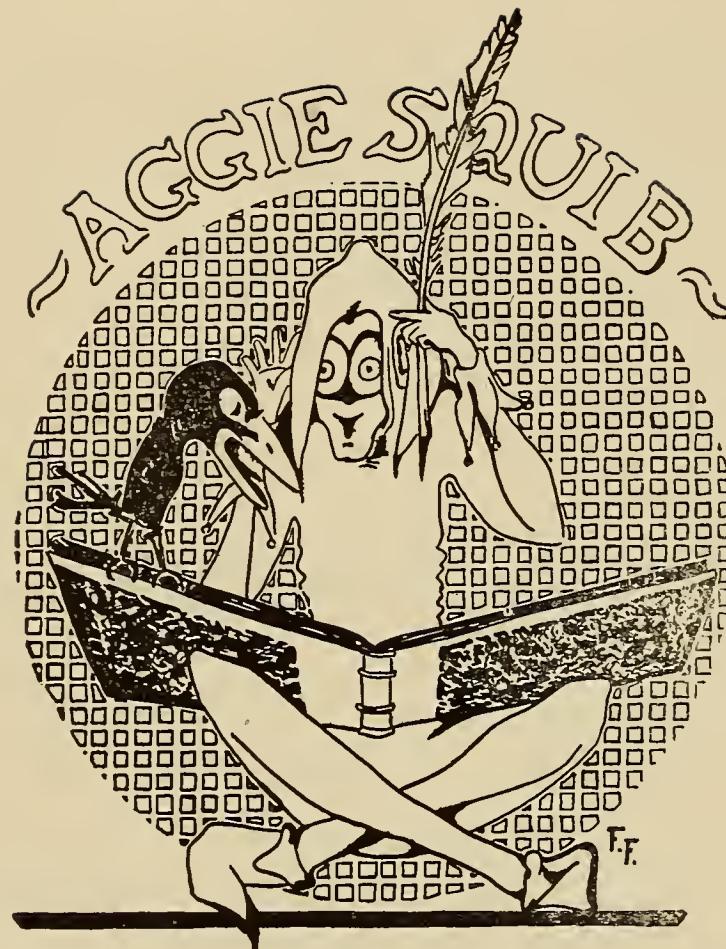
—“His best companions, innocence and health;  
“And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.”

It's well for poets thus to sing,  
And give the poor high praise  
For sturdy virtues, and then to fling  
Sharp taunts at pompous ways!

But had we paupers here good health—  
And where are men more poor—  
Could we be ignorant of wealth  
And never feel its lure?

Alas our health is being spent  
In masticating books;  
And if by chance we're innocent,  
You'd never guess by looks!

Oh no, we do not mean to whine—  
It only makes us choke  
And shed a tear near this fair shrine  
They make of being broke.”



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S

I KICKED a skunk as he went by.  
The skunk was incensed—so was I.  
*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

S

A N old pipe is one thing that is always strong  
for its owner.  
*Juggler.*

---

# The Squib

---

## A PAUPER'S PLAINT.

THE cold, bleak, winter now draws nigh,  
And hovering blizzards cloud the sky.  
What once pertained to me of cash,  
Has long since parted, (sunk in hash)  
Where once shone polished oxford<sup>s</sup> fair,  
The socks shine through, for holes are there.  
Where once a snappy moustache trim,  
Naught now remains but bristles grim.  
What once I proudly called a "pod,"  
Could not survive when fed on cod.  
But that's not all, for sad to say,  
The barn's now locked—I can't eat hay.



S

BIG BEN: "The farmers of onion valley  
give their children three years' vacation."  
Ingo: "Three years?"  
Big Ben: "Yes, the first three."

S

## WORSE YET

NO. 1: I know a fellow who flirted with a girl and was given thirty days by the judge.

No. 2: Huh, that's nothing. I know a guy who flirted with a girl and was given a life sentence by the Justice of the Peace.

"ISN'T Peggy rather cold?"  
"Cold! Why three suitors have already died of pneumonia."

S

S

## DEAD BROKE.

I SENT a letter through the mail,—  
I pleaded with my dad for kale.  
His answer gave me quite a stroke.  
Alas for I am still DEAD BROKE.

S

I asked my sister for some "Jack".  
The next mail brought a letter back.  
Its contents maddened me with pain  
For all it said was "no" again.

FOND Mother: "See here, Arthur, Frank writes that he is in Dutch with all his professors. How he must enjoy seeing the dikes and windmills and all!"

## The Squib

**A** COPPER once copped  
A copper skinned girl  
For copping another girl's copper.  
But the Injin was keen  
And the copper was green.  
Now 'twill take two more coppers to stop her.

**P**ROF: "I hear there is a case of flu on the campus."

Stude: "Yes, Jones."

Prof: "Just one case?"

Stude: "One case and four quarts."

S

S

**O**NE Criticism. We Haven't Heard. Nothing to do before breakfast time.

**F**IRST Kilty: "I fought with the 'Ladies of Hell', did you?"

Second Ditto: "No, but I've fought with some hellish nice ladies."

S

S

**P**A! How many ends are there on a stick of candy?  
Why only two, my son.

Gee whiz, that's funny. I just bit off four ends and have two left.



**M**ARY had a little hare.  
"Too little hare," quoth she.  
She put a rat in with the hare  
To make a menagerie.

**B**ROAD: I didn't know you worked in a laundry.

Way: I don't, what made you think so?

Broad: Why Mabel said that you were a bear at pressing girls waists.

S

S

**D**ID you see how a man was sent to an asylum for kissing his wife in public?"

"Impossible."

"No. You see his wife wasn't there."

**H**AVE you heard about the wreck, stranger?  
No, what wreck?

The Santa Fé Limited was wrecked by a stone placed on the tracks by Hairbreadth Henry.

You don't say!

Yes. It's all told about in this new book just off the press, only \$1.99.

S

**T**HE only belles in this town are the ones that swing in the belfry.



# Editorials

**J**HERE are many queer animals on the face of the earth, but the most peculiar, most idiotic and most eccentric of them all is the human animal, *Homo sapiens*, so-called. For pure down-right foolishness he can't be beat,—no, not by Squibby itself.

During the war it grunted and squealed and hunched up its back when milk producers sought a fair price for their product, but ran all over itself to pay the jewelry profiteers whatever they asked. It paid "luxury" taxes on shaving cream, tooth-paste, and medicines without a murmur, but raised an awful catousal over similar taxes on ice-cream sodas and sporting equipment. This year there is an import tax on almost everything imaginable except dice. A tax on *them* would put any political party out of office.

The specimens of this animal in captivity at the college are no better than the average. Did you ever notice how, altho they have plenty of money for dances, smokes, or drinks (nothing strong of course), they are always behind in their board and lodging bills, and as for paying class dues and assessments, they are all—dead broke. It's a funny world.

S

**O**UR first issue this year, the Homesick Number, was most properly dedicated to the frosh. This number we can not do otherwise than dedicate to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. We only regret that in addition to the chemistry laboratory, we cannot reproduce on these pages the physics building, the mathematics building, and other glories of the institution. But let's not crab. In the chemistry lab., have been developed expert chemists since the time of Noah, and chemists may develop there for centuries yet to come.

S

The following men have signified their intentions to enter the competition for membership on the Squib Board:

SHERMAN '24  
COOK '25  
DUFFY '25  
SALMON '25  
BATAL '25  
WILDER '25  
WHITTUM '25

CRAIG '25  
WARD '25  
LANGENBACHER '25  
HALE '25  
WAITE '25  
DEAN '25  
KNOWLES '25

SIMMONS '25

# The Squib

## THAT POOR YOUNG MAN

ONCE upon a time there was a poor young man who was overburdened with a desire to walk out of Stockbridge Hall, lugging under his arm a parchment roll ornamented with a maroon and white ribbon. He was willing to wield a mop or drape a white dinner coat about his manly shoulders if he could only linger in this vicinity long enough to inveigle the Professors into admitting in longhand that he had waded thru calculus and hurried thru physics along with any number of other drastic three and five credit affairs.

After convincing the local Shylock that the sum total of his worldly wealth consisted of a lead nickel and surplus shoestring, he waded forth to seek employment in the local emporium where the plutocrats may be seen any day feasting upon genuine English Croberg. Our poor young man wore such threadbare golf hosiery that it was deemed essential that he don a dinner coat and assist in transporting soups and steaks to the plutes who regaled themselves in the inner sanctum. He was very thankful for this comparatively golden opportunity to bank the lead nickel and being a humble youth with mild ways and timid eyes he got along fairly well with the local management, and also the hard boiled plutes who threatened to eat the English cook up if he didn't rush the string bean salads out pronto.

After three years of devoted service in which our poor young man burned the midnight oil over his dog eared texts and succeeded fairly well in his love affairs with the Professors, he undertook to render special service at one of these inexpensive four dollar informals where we occasionally find some poverty stricken youth who simply has to spend the accumulated interest on his lead nickel before he removes his white dinner coat and presents it to the next generation of poverty stricken young men. In this particular scrumptious orgy our poor young man wishing to be quite the real thing squandered ten pennies to ask Mabel over at Smythe if she was busy that particular festive afternoon and evening. Mabel, who was an international informal enthusiast cooed her loving consent over the long distance, and our poor young man was hooked up to slip out for the first time in his three years of Collegiate activity.

Mabel blew in from Hamp in the usual dilapidated condition that so disturbs the fair commuter, but our poor young man promptly fell for her line and Mabel perceiving that he was a simple soul fell back upon one of her prep school dis-

courses with the view of saving the red hot for some of the bigger game she might knock down at a hundred yards. After arriving, sad as it may seem, our poor young man became infatuated with the blithe Mabel who angled him skillfully and kept her bright orbs fastened on the bigger game. After it was all over our poverty stricken youth discovered he had spent his lead nickel and was obliged to crawl into the white dinner coat in order to warrant a breakfast. But he was dissatisfied with life, and longed to be a plute with a whipped cream appetite and a harem of Mabels.

Moral:—If you are a poor young man don't spend your lead nickels on international informal enthusiasts.

S

"WHY does a woman always throw herself on to a bed when she begins to cry?"

"Because she can usually find a comforter there, stupid."

S

SHE: "Ever see a cigar box?"

He: "No, but I've seen 'em make some good knockouts."

S

A GENT: Madam could I sell you any bath tubs today?

Lady of the house: (indignantly) No thank you. I have no need for a bath tub.

Agent: Well, good day. I can't associate with such dirty people.

S

HOW DID HE DO IT?

YES, I've worn this suit on and off for three years.

S

I WONDER.

FROSH (having secured a job for next day): Tomorrow I'm going to roll my pants up under my arm and beat it.

S

FOUR REASONS AGAINST SMOKING.

SMOKING dries up the scalp, causing premature baldness.

Strong fumes eat into the palate making it impossible to fully appreciate delicately flavored foods.

The method by which nicotine kills the bugs in your mouth may lead to trouble with the S. P. C. A.

The use of a pipe wears out the front teeth.

# The Squib

## THE SINFUL STUDENT OR The Price He Paid

**T**HREE was once a student. As usual, he was exceedingly broke. After passing several long and weary minutes in a vain endeavor to figure a few of his lost shekels back to the fold, he threw up the job in disgust and went in search of his roommate. To the latter he spoke thus: "Dear old thing, I'm utterly destitute. Absolutely down and out, in fact. Could you tide me over until the Parent sees fit to cut another lemon-er melon, I should say?"

Came the answer: "Sorry, my boy; I'd like nothing better than to help you out. But-uh-see here, old chap, I hate to see you going to the dogs like this. Take the word of a Man Who Knows, it doesn't pay at all-notatall." Which was food for thought, but not for the pocket.

With slightly dampened spirits the Student sought the Affluent One, well known throughout the valley as a Free Spender and a Merry Soul. With renewed energy our hero spoke: "Has it ever occurred to you," he began persuasively, "that there is nothing more humane than the generous support of a worthy cause? Now—"

Here the Affluent One interrupted him crisply. "I don't know what you represent, but your reputation is against you. Good day:" which was clear but distressing.

In utter despair the Student tracked the Easy Mark to his lair. With no preliminaries he burst forth: "I am famished. I have had nothing to eat for three hours. For God's sake, take pity on me, and lend me the price of a glass of Bevo!"

"Ah me," sighed the Easy Mark compassionately, "would that I could." But as ye rip, so shall ye sew. I fear that even my sympathy for the destitute will not allow my conscience to thwart Justice." At which the Student passed out completely.

Upon coming to, he took a long drink of fresh air, and set himself to solve this inexplicable dilemma. Of a sudden a great light burst upon his soul. "Why, oh why did I ever tell the gang that I met a Keen Woman in Hamp the other night!"

**F**ROSH: "The Barber is a privileged character on this campus."  
Soph: "How come?"  
Frosh: "He takes cuts whenever he pleases."

S

**I**T occurred during the war when questionnaires were being made out.

"What branch of the service do you prefer, infantry, artillery, cavalry, navy, ordinance, or . . . ."

"That's it. I'd like to be in the audience."

S



FAMOUS EXPRESSION

"Bringing Up Father."

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# The Squib

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THE TIES THAT BIND

**K**IND LADY: Calm yourself my good man, surely you must have some ties of affection in this world.

Tramp: I know no ties but dose what railroads are built on.

S

**A**BIE Beaumont has made an interesting discovery. Whitish hair is caused by a lack of iron in the soil. Running a hot iron over the head is found to turn the hair dark immediately.

S

**S**CIENTISTS are now working on the magnetic force between a fur coat and the opposite sex.

S

"IT'S sure a dandy!"  
"Dandy what?"  
"Dandelion."

## UTILIZING MOTHER

**S**HE sat by her mother in church  
While the chimes were softly pealing.  
She was so fair, a feeling strange  
Across my heart came stealing.  
I softly whispered in her ear,  
"I'll never love another."  
She turned about and silently  
Referred me to her mother.

I stood by her mother in church  
While the chimes were softly pealing.  
And I kept standing there alone  
When all the rest were kneeling.  
The parson asked me soothingly  
"Have you the ring, my brother?"  
I searched in vain and finally  
Referred him to her mother.

We sat by her mother in church  
While the chimes were softly pealing.  
I only had two cents in change,  
So gazed up at the ceiling.  
The deacon passed the shining plate.  
I thought that I should smother.  
But just the same I cheerfully  
Referred him to her mother.

S

**C**OULD you say that the odor of the pole cat was distinctive?

---

*The Squib*

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# The Squib

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## A Page Purposely Planned For Poor Plebians

**D**EDICATED by the author to that miserable opening in his trousers' pocket, that  
"Through its ragged lips let trickle  
One at a time, his only nickle."

\* \* \* \*

To introduce myself, I am one of the millions who were, "Born to blush at jokes obscene, and waste the fragrance of their pipes on the unappreciative ozone," as I believe Daniel Webster murmured at the Rubicon. I was released from the Herrick School at the tender age of 16 for appearing on the streets of Amherst with overshoes buckled, and immediately picked up by the Northampton Insane Asylum as a pupil of promise.

I am first a poet, having written "Why Flappers Flap." Perhaps you don't know it, but it was that poem that contained the unpuncturable lines,

Pet me kid, and have no fear,  
I promise not to bite.  
But speed 'er up, the lights go out  
At one A. M., each night.

It was that same splurge that consummated the reconciliation between two estranged colleges in the Onion Valley, and the final result was that I was found senseless (which, however, is my natural condition) on the very brink of Paradise, gagged with a golf stocking and covered with hat pin wounds.

After that I was a sculptor. I am the man who created that masterpiece, "The Family Wash," which depicts Venus scrubbing a 2" by 3" handkerchief on the bank of the *Fleuve de Luckyfish*. That made a great hit with Madame Snappee, French modiste, who designed a new evening gown from the idea (plus the handkerchief). Between you and me, though, all I got out of it was \$1.35 from the Hole-proof Hosiery people, who stuck a pair of \$1.35 hose onto the helpless goddess and used her as an advertisement.

Now, I am a philosopher. Just as much money and less work. I am looking for material for a Philosophie on "Why Poor People Have Little Money."

Up to the present time it has occurred to me that there is a "vas differens," as the gut course college guys say, between two kinds of workers. It's like this:

And who is this who proudly glides  
Along the Aggie gravel,  
Like Morgan's sons or Stokes' brides  
Alone, we thought, could travel?

Of course he is a millionaire.  
His style doth us appall,  
As with a grand and lordly air,  
He stops near Stockbridge Hall!

Alas, my son, if you must know,  
Who is this mortal great,  
Who to his daily task doth go  
In auto hitting eight,  
It is—

*The Janitor!*

And who is this who sadly jumps  
Along the Aggie bike,  
His frame shook by the fearful bumps,  
On an '87 bike?

---

## The Squib

---

Of course, he is a laborer,  
And yet it must be tough  
To have to come so very fur  
On a vehicle so rough.

Alas, my son, if you must know,  
Who is this poor uncouth,  
Who humbly to his work doth go.  
Why then, I'll speak the truth,  
It is—

*The prof!*

That fact rather took my breath away, as Prof. Hart remarked about the passing of prohibition laws in Massachusetts.

Speaking of poor people, did you ever hear the one about the guy who—oh, gosh, I can't tell that one—I keep forgetting that co-eds read this paper.

Nevertheless,

There was a man in our town  
And he was wonderous poor.  
He'd do the most menial jobs  
Like cleaning out a sewer,  
Or raking off a lawn.  
But when the poor man up and dies—  
DAWG——gone

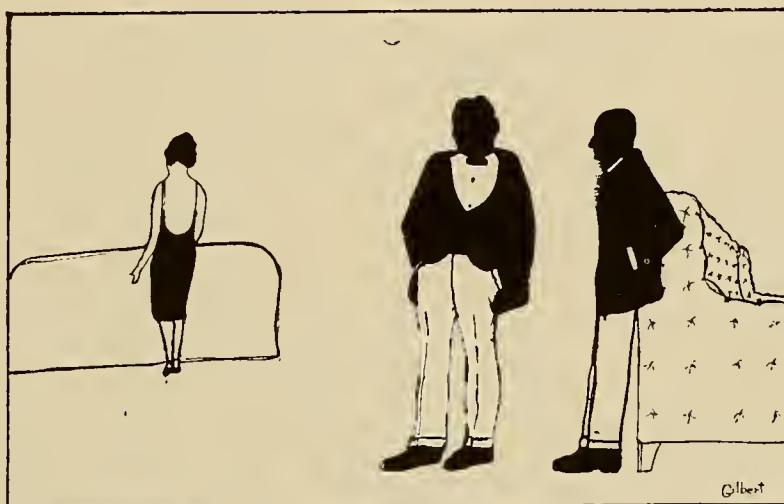
His sons they went to college  
His daughters married well.  
And how we'd ever done it,  
Only God and him could tell.

There was a man in our town  
And he was wonderous rich..  
And when his Packard came along,  
We'd all take to the ditch  
He gadded almost every night  
From dark until the dawn,  
But when the rich man up and died,  
DAWG——gone

His sons they had to sell the car,  
His daughters worked like—  
And how he'd ever done it,  
Only God and him could tell.

But, after all, as Dean Burns told me over the demitassys one night, "Life is a waterfall." And then he exploded, "Poor as you are, you are better off than old Croesus, who, rich though he might have been, never had a ten cent piece to his name!"

# The Squib



CALL THE UNDERTAKER!

"**D**O you know, to my mind there is nothing more wonderful than a tree."

"Yes?"

"It leaves every Spring, and yet never goes away."

S

**S**UGGESTED opening sentence for a short story.

"I own a beautiful sorrel horse and thereon hangs a tail."

S

S

## THE OYSTER

**T**HE oyster is a clammy thing  
He's cool and wet.

He's a treacherous animal,

You bet.

You can't fool him,

Not a particle.

He can't be hooked,

He's a smooth article.

S

"**H**OW'S this?" cried the irate owner to the idle gang, "Can't you find anything to do when the boss isn't around?"

"Waal," said one, "I reckon just about as much as the boss could do if we weren't around."

S

**C**HOLLY: But you know, old top, my forefathers came over in the Mayflower.

Uncle Si: Four fathers? By gum, I'd be satisfied to blow about one father.

**P**AT'S boss had been a "mule driver" when it came to handling men. Upon the Boss's death the company's flag was flown at half mast.

"What's that flag in the middle of the pole for?" asked Mike of his friend Pat.

"Faith," said he, "they'll haul it up or down when they find what direction he's going."

S

**O**NE of the Hash House waiters had a dream recently. He dreamed that the all-powerful Head Waiter had died. He saw the said all-powerful Head Waiter lying in his coffin, with the undertaker near by. Presently the all-powerful Head waiter sat up, looked around, and said to the undertaker:

"How many pall bearers have you?"

"Six," answered the undertaker.

"Well, watch that little one," said the all-powerful Head Waiter, "and if you see him dropping any flowers lay him off."

S

**M**ILTON wrote "Paradise Lost" after he got married. Who wouldn't?

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# *The Squib*

---

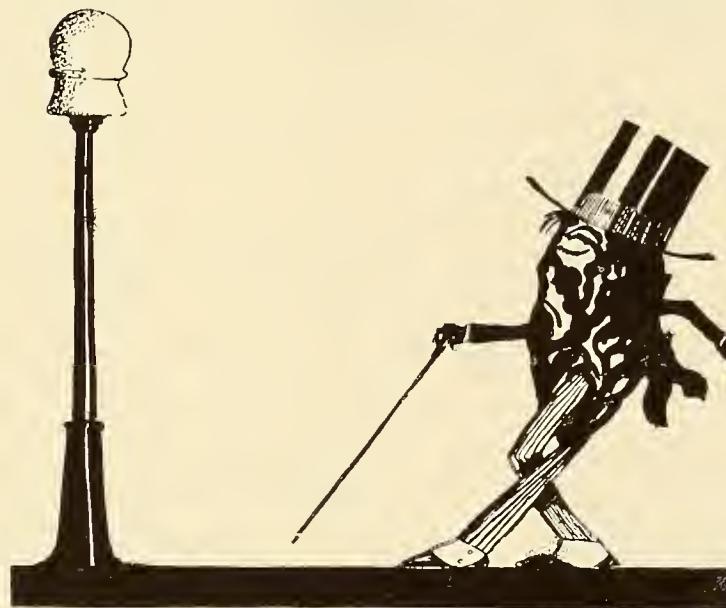
## The Tribulations of Theresa

(A Tale of Married Life.)

### Chap. XXXVIII

**I** FEAR James is gradually losing his love for me. When he came home tonight and found the fire out and the coalbin empty, he picked up my new fur coat and tossed it into the furnace without a word. When I remonstrated with him gently, he pettishly tossed a stove lid at my head, and noticing later, that the blood was dripping on the new carpet in the parlor, he swore shamelessly. I thought at first that the poor boy must be hungry, and so rushed to prepare a lovely supper for him. Evidently the trouble lies deeper than this, however, for when he found that my delicious soup burned his mouth, he merely poured it down Baby's neck without further comment. I quietly placed Baby's corpse on the bed, drew a sheet over it, and returned to the table. I am utterly at a loss to account for James's sudden coldness toward me, but I have a terrible suspicion that it is Lydia Frolix again.

(To be continued)



**I**'M a little wrinkled prune,  
I'll get stewed, and very soon.  
When I do, look out for me,  
For I'm as wild as wild can be.

S

**B**OSS: "I thought you claimed to know some-  
thing about machinery?"  
Bum: "Vell, I ran a lawn mower once."

**T**HIS poultry department teaches us how to  
de-bone a chicken. We have a prize for  
the man who can apply the method to a herring.

S

S

**I**FF Ben and Ann should marry,  
I've often heard it stated  
That he'd be Benny fitted,  
And she'd be Anny mated.

**H**E: Well, I'm going back to California.  
She: Go ahead, you prune.

S

**I**'VE seen a cat run up a tree and bark."  
"An old one, but I've seen trees holler."

**S**TUDENT to Boarding Mistress:—  
"Don't you know cranberries make better  
applesauce than prunes?"

# EXCHANGES



"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said this seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

*Tiger*

S

Octy says, "Women are like oysters; they have a hard shell and inside of that they are a slippery proposition."

*Octopus*

S

## BACK TO THE CENTENNIAL

Ikey: "Dere's a lot of change about the old place, ah vot, Abe?"

Abe: "Yess, Ikey; I vunder couldn't ve start a poker game."

*Virginia Reel.*

S

Woodal: They say Mable is a parlor Bolshevik.

Cohall: Oh! I don't believe she's as red as she's painted.

*Virginia Reel*

S

First Flea: "Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea: "No, on a tramp."

*Sun Dodger.*

S

## SWEET KISSES

He: "Please give me just one."

She: "I can't."

He: "Why?"

She: "It's Lent."

He: "When will you get it back?"

*Wisconsin Octopue.*

S

"You've got me," remarked Jonah as the whale swallowed.

*Lord Jeff*

23: Are you out for anything at college?

24: Yeh, out for good.

*Sun Dodger*

S

## THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Jimmy: "Dearest, I must marry you—"

Shimmy: "Have you seen father?"

Jimmy: "Often, Honey, but I love you just the same."

*Juggler*

S

He: "For heaven's sake, girl, look at the rouge you have on your lips."

She: "Oh well, the evening's young yet."

*Punch Bowl*

S

"May I kiss you?" he whispered.

She pouted.

"Oh Tom! Please don't; you muss my hair!"

Nevertheless Tom kept right on, on the ground that if he mussed he must.

*Blair Breeze*

S

## ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

Old Lady (to newsboy): "You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Newsie: "No, mum, but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one."

*Flamingo*

S

A winsome young lass was Miss Hopper,

And many's the man that would copper;

She fell from a swing,

Hung downward, by jing—

I'd tell you some more, but 'taint proper.

*Banter*

"I got a new set of dumbbells," said the Gym instructor, as he welcomed his freshman class.

*Juggler.*

---

## THE ORIGIN OF PROFANITY

"Couldn't you love me, Eve?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't care, Adam."

*Goblin.*

---

Nic.: "I always smoke Camels after dinner."

Vic.: "How so?"

Nic.: "Always so good on a desert, you know."

*Juggler.*

---

One of our professors remarked: "College-bred means a four year loaf." We agree, and add, it takes lots of dough and plenty of crust!

*Wasp.*

---

Old Harry: "How did you puncture that tire?"

Harry, Jr.: "I ran over a milk bottle."

O. H.: "But couldn't you see it?"

H. J.: "No, the kid had it under his coat."

*Flamingo.*

---

O. P. Umm: "Doctor, will you give me something for my head?"

Doctor: "I wouldn't take it for a gift."

*Flamingo.*

---

Gwladys: "But you will admit I have a pretty face?"

Horace: "Even a barn looks good when it's painted."

*Goblin.*



First Soph: "There goes Fat; guess he's been dieting some."

Second Soph: "Diet, nothing! Wallach Bros. did that. Their clothes look right on anyone. 'Cause they fit."

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Johnny: Fireman.

Teacher: Is he living?

Johnny: No; dead.

*Chaparral.*

Bell Hop: This is no place for a lady to smoke.  
She: Oh, that's all right. I'm a college girl.

*Puppet.*

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"Not on your Life Buoy!"

—Goblin.

Teacher:—"What is the Latin race?"

Pupil:—"It's a race between a Latin pony and the teacher's goat."

—Widow.

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"Once—but the place was raided."

*The Siren.*

E. Sarazin

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Second Ditto:—No, but I've read "Don't" for girls.

—*Michigan Daily.*

"How'd you get the black eye?"  
"Well, a girl told me she kissed."  
"Yes."  
"Being doubtful, I thought I would see if she lied."  
"Well?"  
"She did."

—*Octopus.*

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Customer:—"Is it compulsory?"  
Waitress:—"Huh?"  
Customer:—"I say, is it compulsory?"  
Waitress:—"Why-ah-we're just out of compulsory, but we've got some good raspberry."  
—Dreverd.

Wrecker:—"That girl's just like an ocean liner."  
Necker:—"Why's that?"  
Wrecker:—"Just a little tug will get her started."  
—Purple Cow.

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MAIN STREET

Dolly:—"Why did Jack break off with Dora?"  
Molly:—"Said he couldn't stand a girl who smokes Piedmonts."

—Virginia Reel.

Floorwalker:—"Looking for something, madame?"

Fat Lady:—"Husband."  
F. W.:—"First aisle to your left—male order department."  
—Chaparral.

### RUBBING IT IN

Citizen:—"Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty: I've got a bad case of the itch."

Judge:—"Excuse accepted. Clerk, just scratch that man out!"

—Widow.

Bones:—"Don't you think she has a rare complexion?"

Jones:—"Rather well done, I'd call it."  
—Purple Cow.

"I just came from the doctor's."  
"What did he say?"  
"No."

—Brown Jug.

She:—"Don't you think that Myrtle looks ugly in that ultra-low-cut dress?"

He:—"Not as far as I can see."

—*Jester.*

I gave her a box of rouge for Christmas.  
Gee, that was pretty flossy present, wasn't it?  
Yes, but I got it all back when she thanked me for it.

—*Milton College Review.*

"I must have some part of you to take with me," he cried as he pinched her cheek.

—*The Goblin.*

Chem. Prof:—And the price of nitrates is now very high.

The Goof:—What do we care? We never telegraph.

—*Chaparral.*

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## Foreword

The sculptor molds with constant toil  
From rigid blocks of stone;—  
The painter works with freer touch,  
But still his men are prone  
To stand quite stiff-forever fixer;—  
The poet's thoughts are free  
To rise and soar to lofty heights,  
Yet words will, ever be  
Imperfect carriers of thought;—  
But freest of all these  
The dramatist reveals his skill  
With perfect, flowing ease;  
For he it is who shows us life,  
Who makes us laugh or weep  
At pleasure—stirs our hearts  
Or lets out passions sweep  
Almost unfettered. Thus to him  
We dedicate our Squib,  
Yet still reserve the critic's right  
To praise or blame "ad lib."



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**N**O. 1: How are the life preservers on this vessel?

No. 2: Best I've ever drunk.

**T**ILLIE: Is it unlucky to get married on Friday?

Tommy: Sure! Friday is no exception.



# Editorials



## THE THEATRE

**I**T is a real pleasure to follow the theatre especially if one has the intellect of the renowned but modest Squibby, and yet Squibby in spite of his youth may be considered not as an interested critic of modern drama but as one taking a certain poignant and exquisite pleasure in a study of the theatre goer.

The theatre going populace of this modern era has all the changing colors of a chameleon. Distinct types may be depicted with amazing ease and accuracy. Let us for the moment imagine that we have entered the Player's Theatre at historic Hamp and have settled ourselves for a production of Shakespere's Hamlet. After removing our wraps we glance about. In a box at the left is a typical group representing the frozen forty, an aggregation of undisputed literary repute, in all probability witnessing the playing of Hamlet for the 17th time. They are lean, long jawed, individuals with high brows and small glittering eyes ensconced behind "pince nez." They view the superb acting of our friend Hampden with stilted reluctance occasionally calling attention in *sotto* voice to some especially choice bit of character subtlety hitherto escaped the dissemination of their austere and calculating glances.

In the pit we see the giddy college girl hearing Hamlet for the first time. She has attended because her literary tastes need the cultivation of a refined drama. She is fortified with a two pound box of Page and Shaws, a present from Peter up at Dartmouth, who wears horn spectacles and professes to be intellectual. She wants to write Peter a gushing letter voicing dramatic sentiments and proving conclusively her choice taste in heavy drama. Of course she is hopelessly bored and wishes she had thought to bring her knitting, but Peter's bon bons are delicious and her wrist watch registers 10:30.

Further back in the house under the shade of the balcony are a couple of youthful lovers, who mistook Hamlet for a movie and wandered in with the hope of securing a quiet, dark and deliciously intimate spot to hold hands and whisper in dulcet tones true lovers' nonsense. They have been disappointed in the lighting effect, but are striving to make the best of it. Neither has any conception of what is transpiring upon the stage but both are blissfully happy.

In the balcony, first row, are the group designated as the possible few, who love Shakespere because he thrills them thru and thru. In this group are stolid professors with their pale and intellectual wives, and round shouldered students, be-spectacled and long haired, hopelessly plain girls, with opera glasses and note books. They are an interested group. They sit with fixed faces, staring upon the stage, immovable, every nerve centered upon absorption.

Further up in the balcony are comfortable looking matrons with their pudgy bald headed husbands. They have heard somewhere that Shakespere is the best dramatist in the world and that Hamlet is a superb tragedy. They are not just sure what it all means but they are trying to appear intellectual and create a considerable stir as they rustle their programs and shift about to obtain a comfortable spot on the hard seats. Towards the end of the performance the bald headed husbands doze and the matrons study the styles in the boxes, and glance inquisitively about to see who else has attended Hamlet.

We might go on endlessly. There is the critic, the true critic, the harsh critic, the advertising critic representing all stages of literary ascendency and degeneration. Critics with white hair and profound faces, critics with bald heads and pig like eyes, young men who look like mature college boys let loose for a day, and on thru the list. They all pick away and what do they produce? Well, we leave that to the reader and if he is an observing soul, perhaps he would like to glance about him the next time he runs into town to regale himself with a light evening of Shakesperian tragedy and amuse himself with a little character study between the acts.

# The Squib

Where there is a will there are always a lot of poor relatives



**S**HE: Don't you think college girls make good wives?

He: They make excellent wives, but it's hard to keep a wife in college.

S

## DIVISION OF LABOR

**P**ROF: "Who is invested with the authority to open the court?"

No. 1: "The Clerk."

No. 2: "The Judge."

No. 3: "The Janitor."

S

**S**TUDE: Say, Prof., I can't read this criticism you've written on this essay of mine.

Prof.: Mm . . . . I think it says, "Can't read this writing."

S

**I**F a man can work four hours at 25 cents per hour every Saturday afternoon that there is not a home game of some sort, how many years must he work before he can take a red-headed girl from Kalamazoo to the Hop?

S

## IN DAYS OF OLD

**I**N days of old, when knights were bold  
And b. v. d.'s. were made of tin,  
A man might get his whistle wet  
At any wayside inn;  
But in these days of prohi craze,  
When cops are getting sneaky,  
The hootch is found beneath the ground,  
To fool the prohibiki.

Ex.

## EPISTULUM POETICUM

**H**E hasn't time for athletics.

He studies too much for class sings.

He copies his room-mate's mathematics.

He's busy with other things.

... But you find him three nights at the movies.

He's two weeks behind at the hash house.

He's two months behind for his bed.

He cannot pay his class duties.

"I've nary a cent," he said.

... But you find him three nights at the movies.

What a marvellous force in our college!

What an influence on us through life!

What distraction from studies and duties!

What maker of trouble and strife!

... For you find him three nights at the movies.

But what would we do without movies?

Or movies do without us?

We knock 'em, and curse 'em, and hate 'em:—

But why should I make all this fuss?

... For you find me three nights at the movies.

S

**T**EACHER: "How do you pronounce that word?"

Simpson: "It is pronounced like the 'm' in fish."

Teacher: "Why, there's no 'm' in fish."

Simpson: "Sure,—mackerel."

S

**A** freshman was jumping over the seats in the (Ent) building pit.

Prof: "Say, young man, use your head and come down the stairs."

S

**N**O. 1: Did you have Prof. Peters in Chem?

No. 2: No, Prof. Peters had me.

S

**M**IRIAM: Did you take the picture of the young man on the mantel?

Mildred: Yes.

Miriam: Friend of yours, I suppose?

Mildred: Well, he was before I took the Picture.

# The Squib

They say it takes all kinds of people to make a world; but it doesn't. We could get along without some kinds.

## CHEER UP WILLY YOU MAY BECOME FAMOUS YET

Famous Men.

Cause of Fame.

Theodore Roosevelt.....	Western ranch owner.
Abraham Lincoln.....	Farm laborer.
Daniel Webster.....	First importer of Portuguese pigs.
Henry Clay.....	First importer of Hereford cattle and Spanish Red Pigs.
Nicholas Biddle.....	Importer of first Guernseys in American herdbook.
Thomas Jefferson.....	First to study improvement of the plow.
George Washington.....	Country's most noted breeder of jack-asses.

—S—

—S—

## THINGS WE OFTEN HEAR

**A** MAN with a stiff collar laughing at a woman's high heels.

A man who wears wears a sweater indoors speaking of "the tender sex."

The man who always votes the straight party ticket asking what women know about politics.

The man whose wife takes in washing, telling how unappreciative of their husbands women are becoming.

S

## ANOTHER POINT SETTLED

"Now my lad said the police officer, investigating a theft in an office, "I believe you're always here first in the morning."

"Yes, sir."

"And who is here next, Mr. Spiddle or his partner?"

"Sometimes one, and sometimes the other."

"Well, on what days would Mr. Spiddle be likely to get here first?"

"Can't say, sir. At first he was always last, but later he began to be earlier, till at last he was always first, although before he had always been behind. He was soon late again, however, though lately he has been a bit sooner. Just now, he's as much behind as before, but I expect he'll be getting early sooner or later."

"Oh, quite so! That's all I wanted to know."



**M**AN from home: "Wine?"  
Waiter: "Why'n what?"

S

## SHADES OF WORDSWORTH

**S**HE dwelt beside the untrodden ways,  
Beside the hills of Butte,  
A maid whom no one cared to love  
And no one dared to shoot.

*Ex.*

S

**T**OMMY, in Zoo: What's this?

Friend: That's a kangaroo, my boy.  
A native of Australia.

Tommy: Native of Australia? Gosh, my sister married one of them.

**P**REACHER: "What can you tell me concerning the "still of spring?"  
Teacher: "It is responsible for the "intoxicating joys of all outdoors."

# The Squib

No matter how young a prune may be it has wrinkles just the same

## AMONG OUR PROFS.

**I**N Public Speaking, Prof. Prince remarked that he was not fond of "extracts". Perhaps when his cellar dries out he'll cultivate a taste!

S

## NEWS ITEM FROM RURAL UPLIFTER-1925

**P**ROF. Sims of M. A. C. leaped 1000 ft. from a speeding aeroplane at the Shutesham fair yesterday, to illustrate his fervid interest in the "Back to the Land Movement."

S

## INTELLIGENCE EXAMINATION

**M**ANY students have wondered how the Squib board was chosen. We are glad to make public the examination used this year. A grade of 98% must be obtained for election.

1. Give name and address of Adam's clothier.
2. What color necktie did George Washington wear?
3. What famous character in history parted his hair in the middle. Where was he buried?
4. How many feathers on an eider duck?
5. What color is an influenza bacillus? Give chemical composition with imperical formula.
6. Have you seen fish swimming on Main Street lately? Where did you get the stuff?
7. What brand of tooth-paste do the Eskimos prefer?
8. What makes white blackbirds blue?
9. At what age did Caesar don his knickerbockers?
10. Do you think this humor is good? Does insanity run in your family?

S



HAIR-LESS

**A** bald headed man was brother Les  
Who hailed from Boston town.  
'Twas known in his home and wherever he'd roam  
That he'd nary a hair in his crown.

'Twas M'sieur Les in France and Senor in Seville  
And Signor in Padua's bay,  
But they had him in hand in the Fatherland  
Where "Herr Les" they all would say.

**E**MALINE Lucille Anna Mc Foppee  
Has gained the "rep" of being quite sloppie.  
She came to a house dance, sweet as you please,  
With her petticoat showing, 'most down to her knease.

S

**G**OB: "Does this milk taste cowey to you?"  
Gub: "Naw, I think it tastes bully!"

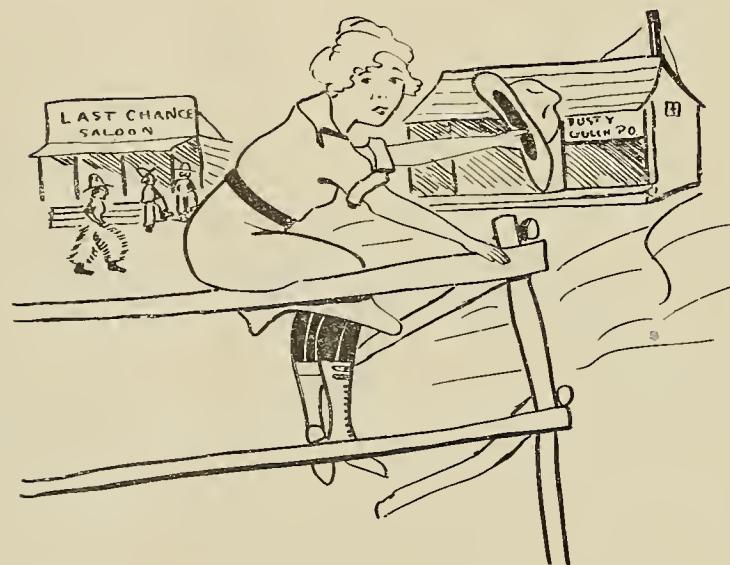
S

**S**ON (leaving for college): Mother, dear, I'll  
write to you every day while I'm gone.  
Mother: Goodness! You won't need money  
that often, will you?

# 8 REEL MO

In Dusty Gulch, where zephyrs blow  
 The landscape round like drifting snow,  
 Lived Sadie, eyes like gold just panned,  
 And hair like sagebrush on the sand.

(1)



(3)



Now in New York, some miles away,  
 Jerome Horrington thought one day,  
 I'm sick of wine and all the rest,  
 Methinks I'll hie me to the West!

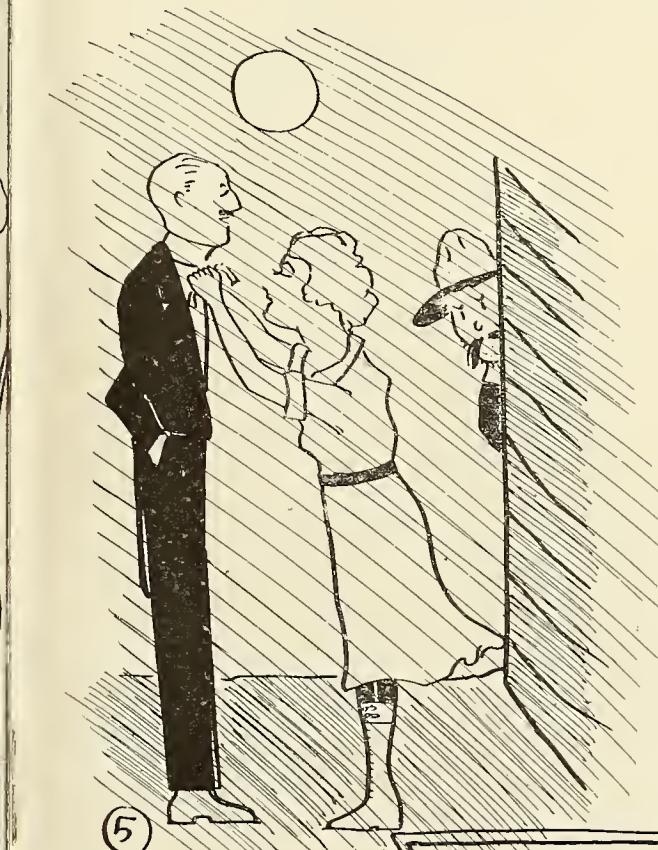
The one lone thing she had to grieve,  
 Was one lone horn toad, "Softhead Steve."  
 (2) For this foul being's only hope  
 Was to lasso Sadie with his rope



(4)



# VIE TRAGEDY



(5) But Softhead, hearing into sight,  
Beheld an awful thing. Good Night!  
For Sadie, love light in her eye,  
Was fixing Jerry's black bowtie.



A plan came into Sadie's head,  
And to her city boy she said,  
Shoot Stevie's cigaret apart,  
And you'll scare him and win my heart.

(7)

But Jerry missed the cigaret,  
And, luckily, did better yet!  
As friends carried poor Steve away,  
Bells rang for Jerry's wedding day.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The Terrible Tenderfoot  
A Thrilling Eightreel Blood Curdler  
Released by the Stereotype Film Co.



(6) Well, Jerry saw Steve's angry look,  
And himself 'hind the cowshed took.  
And with a brand new gat he'd bought,  
He learned to be an expert shot.



M.F. Webster

# The Squib



## THERE ARE HORSEMEN—AND HORSEMEN

—S—

### TO MY EQUINE FRIEND

**M**Y steed is here, the sarge cries "For'd,"  
And so I must needs climb on board.  
A gentle prod, not harsh nor rough,  
I fondly hope t'will be enough.  
My mount, howe'er is lost in thought,  
His wrapt attention can't be bought.  
With manly rage and injured pride,  
I drive my heels into his side.  
A heave, a groan, a lurching sway,  
My faithful steed is under way.  
My troubles now have just begun,  
The ghastly skate is trying to run!

Oh! dear old sack of skin and bones!  
Pray listen to my sighs and groans!  
If you must hold this fearful gait,  
I have no doubt as to my fate.  
For ground and weathered like a rock,  
My spinal column meets each shock.  
Until, at last, in swift decay.  
My whole back bone must pass away.

S

**H**IRAM (singing soulfully): "Carry me back to  
old Virginny."

Silas: "Ye'll hev to be carried back if ye keep  
up thet howlin'!"

S

**G**RANDFATHER: "What would you do,  
Buddy, if you and Tubby were all alone on  
an ice floe in the Arctic?"

Chip of the old block: "I'd take the letter 'd'  
make dice from the ice and shoot crap all day."

S

### TO BE EXACT

**H**UNT: "Is it true, Johnnie, that you are at  
the foot of your class?"  
Johnnie: "Not quite; just about the ankle."

—S—

### THE SUMMER JOB

**A**T this time of year, when a small group of Seniors is looking dubiously and anxiously for a big salary to draw them into their favorite vocation, there is also another group of equally dubious and anxious underclassmen who are hoping to find a genial, profitable, and simple occupation that will at least pay for the week-end trip to "the beach." Among the latter we find Herman. Herman means well, but well meaning does not get one very far along the road to one's destination. Herman also has athletic aspirations, and at times athletic aspirations do much toward landing the summer job.

Herman wrote to the employment agency as follows:

*Dear Sir: I am a sophomore in college and am out for the high-jump and pole vault. I have passed all my studies, paid my Memorial Building pledges and don't go ont with the Co-Eds. Have you a summer job for me that will keep me in condition for "track?" Yours truly,*

*Herman*

A few days later he received the following reply:

*Dear Herman!*

*You are just the man we are looking for. Report at your convenience to the International Hop Orchards.*

*Yours truly,*

*Brown Employment Agency*

S

**S**HE: Why did you stop going with Kitty?  
He: I just thought in time that when a  
Kitty grew up she became a cat.

---

# *The Squib*

---

## Dissertations Upon Familiar Subjects

by Prof. Ebonytop

NO. V

### ENFORCEMENT OF PROHIBITION

Prohibition to date has been wonderfully successful. What was never drunk before has been drunk this year by men who never drank before and will, in many cases, never drink again save in the Elysian fields where "hooch" is not distilled. Our imports of liquors have increased, our grape growers are more prosperous than ever, and doctors and druggists report a thriving business. Last but not least, Josephus Daniels and William Jennings Bryan have dropped into obscurity.

However, there are congressmen who are under the delusion that those who passed the eighteenth amendment desired that it be enforced. It is my desire here to elucidate unto you why this should not be done.

In the first place, to try to enforce prohibition longer is poor sportsmanship. Supposing in football you had played all around your man, ridden him back every time, cracked him thrice in the jaw, and gotten his nose to bleeding. It then he were any kind of a sport he would feign dead and have a substitute sent in in his place wouldn't he? Or, at least you will admit no gentleman under such circumstances would continue to resist you. That is the situation of the government today. The booze hounds have cracked the jaws of the constitution, blacked the eyes of the U. S. government, and spit in the face of the U. S. flag. If said con., gov., and fl., are good sports they will admit that the boozers are better men than they are and quit playing.

Think also on how sad the world would be if prohibition were really enforced. I'd rather laugh at a fellow who has imbibed too freely than at a natural idiot, for the drinker is not only a fool but has payed good money to become one.

Consider also how much more difficult it would be to distinguish between a bum and a gentleman if prohibition were enforced.

All in all, when we consider the advantages which have arisen from our half hearted enforcement of prohibition, and the disadvantages which might accrue if it were actually enforced, we cannot advocate any change in the present enforcement of prohibition.

---

K. C. R.

(A Plunge Into Forbidden Pools)

THERE'S nothing like water to add to young  
love

And bring a sweet blush to *her* face.  
No, nothing like water, but, heavens above!  
Be sure that you stay on the surface.

S

Barber (to sleepy customer): "I cannot shave  
you, sir, unless you hold up your head."

Sleepy Customer: "All right, give me a hair  
cut, then."

*Jester*

"WHY don't you get down to the seashore?  
You know 'Time flies!'"  
"True enough, but horse flies interest me more."

S

FRESHIE: "Did you hear the latest song?"  
Soph: "No, what is it?"  
Freshie: "Down in The Basement."  
Soph: "Has it made a hit?"  
Freshie: "You bet. It's a great cellar."

# The Squib

## A kiss on the doorstep is worth ten in the mail

### QUEER QUERIES APTLY ANSWERED

(Address Fedora Plush—Squib Confidential Editor)

Question: Must we wear dresses any longer this summer?

Mary Modest

Ans.: Gosh, Mary, I don't know! Why don't you take a chance?

Question: Why are silk stockings more expensive now than they were five years ago?

Clementia L.

Answer: Well, dearie, they can't make the tops out of cotton any more without it being noticed. Savez?

Question: Where can I get a cheap, snappy suit for summer wear?

Eky. N. Omical

Answer: Try one of Havva, Hart and Co's new paper models. (With fireproof seat if you smoke.)

Question: I am enclosing my photo. Can I wear one of Madame LaGasse's "Buy and Bus" French Cuckoo hats?

Answer: Please enclose facsimile of your bank-book and I'll answer at once.

Question: I have just bought a \$1000 Creation Francaise. There is a Charlotte frock of Capucine Red, crepe de chine skirt, bodice of georgette crepe, heavily embroidered with gold and rhinestones, a black, gold-embroidered hat, and gold-stockings. My husband is a shrimp. He looks poorly in everything. Can you suggest anything suitable for him to put on?

Irula Roost.

Answer: Yes. Mourning, (for Irula.)

S

IN Mother's Day: He drew her close to him, she rested her cheek against his for an instant as they sat on the veranda.

In ours: He drew her close to him, she rested her cheek against his, and they waddled over the dance floor all evening.

S

"MOTHER, was Behold one of the apostles?"  
NO, child. Where did you ever hear that?

"Why mother! Didn't you ever read about  
"Mark the perfect man 'and Behold the upright'?"



Art for Art's Sake

S

Outside fur traders door,

"SKIN DEALER"

S

HENRIETTA Lotta Pease  
Is a girlie sure to please.  
Took her to a cabaret,  
She used up a whole week's pay.  
Appetite was like a horse,  
(ordered two of every course!)  
Cost a heap to feed and dress her,  
Yet I love her much, God bless her!

BUT

Before I pop the question,  
Bet she'll die of indigestion.

S

YOUNG 'un: What is the difference between  
humour and nonsense?

Old 'un: If your mother says it, it is humour,  
but if I say it, it is nonsense.

---

# The Squib

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## A Tragedy in One Act

S

## HEARD IN BOSTON

**S**UBWAY Conduetor: Pass both sides of the post madame.

S

'23: I practiced for my initiation all summer.  
'24: What did you do?  
'23: I paddled a girl in a canoe every night.

S

**H**ARD-boiled: And the rations were getting bad. The last few days out the mutton was fairly alive.

Egg: If the mutton was punk why didn't you order veal?

S

## SPRING TRAINING

**S**ON: Do you believe in spring training?  
Father: Certainly if you can train spring to come on the day it is supposed to.

S

**W**HAT do we find in beds?.....Liars.  
What do we find in Heaven?.....Lyres.  
What do we find in Hell?.....Liars.

GREAT!!

**S**ENIOR: Hear the good news?

Frosh: What's that?

Senior: They had a good speaker at assembly today.

Frosh: Ya don't say!

Senior: Even the Juniors staid awake.

S

## ONE WITHOUT A LIGHT-HOUSE

**S**HE: What's the nearest port in a storm?  
He: (getting the idea) The davenport.

S

**H**OW do you make Ethylene?

Give her two weeks board at the "Hash House."

S

**E**DITOR: This isn't poetry my dear man.  
It is merely an eseape of gas.

Contrib: I see. Something must be wrong with the meter.

*Ex.*

S

**F**AITHER: How is it you use so little gasoline when you go riding with Peggy?

Son: Isn't love a wonderful thing?

S

1st. Guy: Can your sister sing?  
2nd Guy: No, but she does.

S

**Y**OUNG fish: Whieh end of the ferry boat is the bow?

Old tar: The first to the pier, ye bloomin' lubber.

S

**P**OP, where is atoms?

Do you mean Athens?

No, Atoms, the place where everything is blown to.

S

**S**TUDE: I can't seem to reall the date of the fall of Rome.

Prof: What? Do you have troule in remem - bering your dates?

---

# The Squib

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## DRAMATICALLY SPEAKING OF WOMEN With Apologies to Kipling and his "LADIES"

1.

I'VE taken fun where I've found it,  
I've gambled and drank in my time,  
An' I've played all kinds of women,  
Yet they all have the same old line.  
Now, one was a newly made widow,  
One was a girl at school,  
One was the vamp of a popular play  
And one was just plain little fool.

2.

Now these ladies all had me guessing  
They could buy me with a song,  
But it wasn't 'till after I'd tried 'em  
That I found out who was wrong.  
There's times that you hate 'em like poison,  
There's times when you think you're in love,  
But the things you learn will help you a lot,  
When it comes to picking a dove.

3.

When I was a Senior in Prep. Schooll  
Shy as the deuce to begin,  
Along came a widow and grabbed me,  
Oh, boy, she could shake a shim',  
Older of course, but a hummer,  
Played poker, told stories galore,  
Took all she could, and then left me  
When she found out I had nothing more.

4.

Then I came up here to college,  
We met at a dance one night.  
It was then that the romance started,  
The moment she came into sight.  
Chubby, conceited, and spiteful,  
Doll of the rouge box, she were,  
But she went to her Prom with a Juniornamed  
Tom,  
So I learned about women from her.

5.

Then when a gay young Sophomore  
I went to a show one day,  
Where I picked up the Vampire "lead lady"  
Who called herself Alice May,  
Taught me to drink hard liquor  
Awful "gold digger," she were,  
For she showed me the way to spend a month's  
pay,  
Then I learned about women from her.

6.

And then as a jolly, wise Junior  
I got me a girl real nice,  
Fell mad in love to begin with  
Then she gave me the shoulder of ice  
Frat pin and diamond went with her,  
Sort of collectin', she were,  
For I found that she'd done it with others,  
So I learned about women from her.

7.

Then as a grave old Senior  
I found me a girl with a car,  
Took me to dinners and dances  
An' charged up the bills to her pa.  
So I got in some mighty good "fussin'."  
Till the old man starts callin' me son,  
Then I showed 'em a clean pair of heels.  
Now I swear to the God's I am done.

8.

You may take what you want when you want it,  
And the women take all they can get;  
But if ever I chance to get married,  
It must be a pretty safe bet.  
Money and looks are essential  
To me when I take a wife;  
But again in thinking it over  
The best is a bachelor's life.

# EXCHANGES



Lady to clerk: "I'd like to buy a collar for Fido, please."

Enterprising clerk: Sorry madam, we haven't any dog collars, but wouldn't a small "Lion" collar do?

*Brown Jug*

Judge: "You have been found guilty of petty larceny. What do you want, ten days or ten dollars?"

Guilty Party: "I'll take the money."

*Flamingo*

Dan: "Let's elope—"

Ann: "Sure."

"And get married."

"Oh, dear! How conventional you are."

*Froth*

First Stude: "I've found a way to beat the honor system."

Second Stude: "Let's have it."

First Stude: "Memorize the text book."

*Punch Bowl*

He: "Will you marry me?"

She: "No."

He: "Whom are you going to marry?"

She: "I'll marry whom I please."

He: "Well, you please me; let's elope."

*Tar Baby*

Professor X: "Who's there?"

Burglar: "Lie still and keep quiet. I'm looking for money."

Professor X: "Wait, and I'll get up and look with you."

*Orange Peel*

## REVENGE

Barber: "Your hair is getting gray, sir."

Customer: "Well, I'm not surprised. Hurry up!"

*Virginia Reel*

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

—*Tiger*

*Yale Student:* "How do you make hash?"

*Nemo:* "You don't!—it just accumulates."

*Yale Record*

In case someone may have overlooked this joke in our last number we are giving you another chance.

Ella: "I'm mad at Jack."

Bella: "So soon? What's wrong?"

Ella: "He knows so many naughty songs."

Bella: "Does he sing them to you?"

Ella: "No, the mean thing, he just whistles the tunes."

*Carnegie Puppet*

## NOTHING IN IT

Father: "What's this wild story I hear about your bank account being flat?"

Son: "Tut, tut, dad, it's overdrawn."

*Cornell Widow*

## THEN THE FUR FLEW

"Were you and Daddy good boys when I was gone?" asked the mother.

"Oh, yes, mother," replied the child.

"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"

"I should say we did!"

"And did you kiss her good night every day?"

"I should say we did!"

*Washington Dirge*

Nut: "What sort of a part has Jack in the play?"

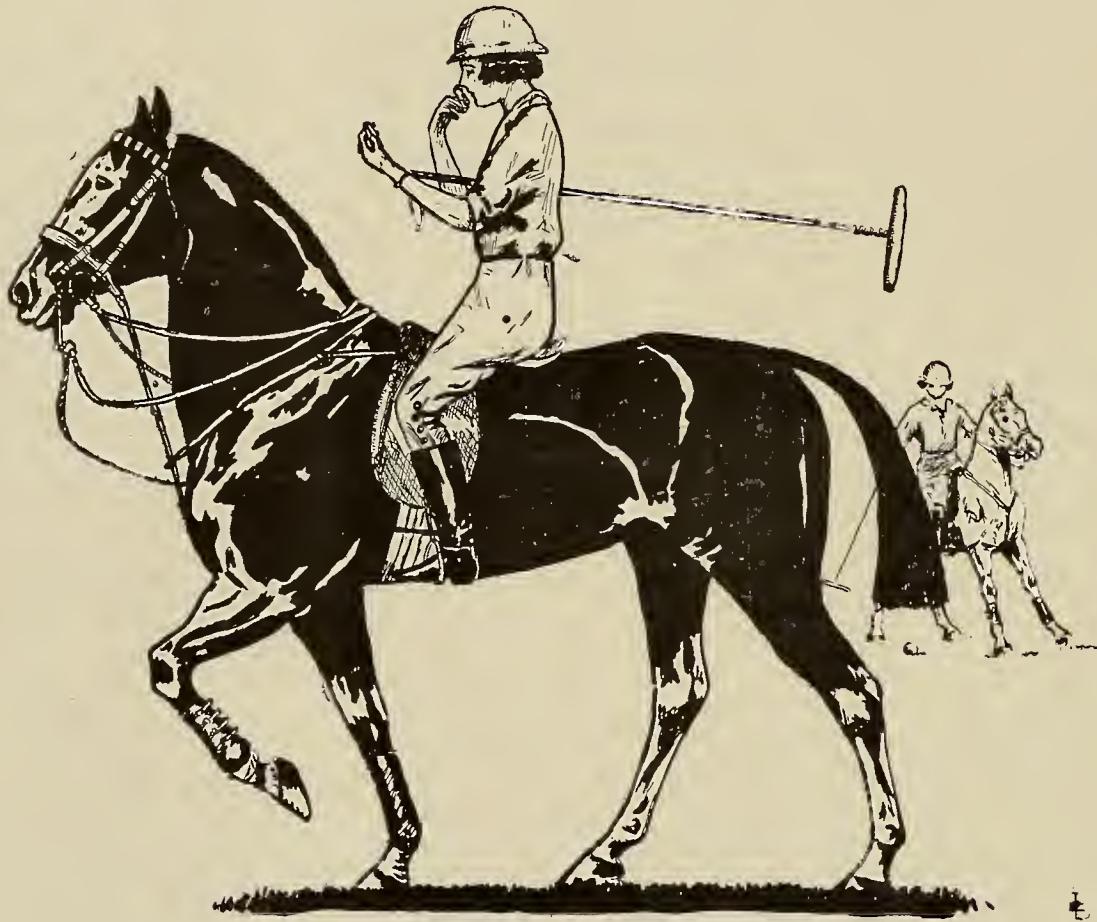
Pick: "An emotional part. He has to refuse a drink in the third act."

*Burr*

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# The Squib

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1921 SPORT MODEL

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## TO KATRINKA

AH! glorious phantom of delight!  
Your physiog. is sure some sight.  
Your penciled brows and lips of red,  
Are quite enough to knock 'em dead.  
Your rounded cheeks are just divine,  
Embalmed in purest kalsomine.  
And added yet to all these charms,  
A vast estate of onion farms.  
What mortal man, both cool and sane,  
Could pass up such a charming jane?

S

## SOME FEAT!

### "WOMAN PULLED OUT RESERVOIR"

*—Headline in Boston Post*

S

HOW did that man make his fortune?  
By raising wolves and getting the bounties  
on them.

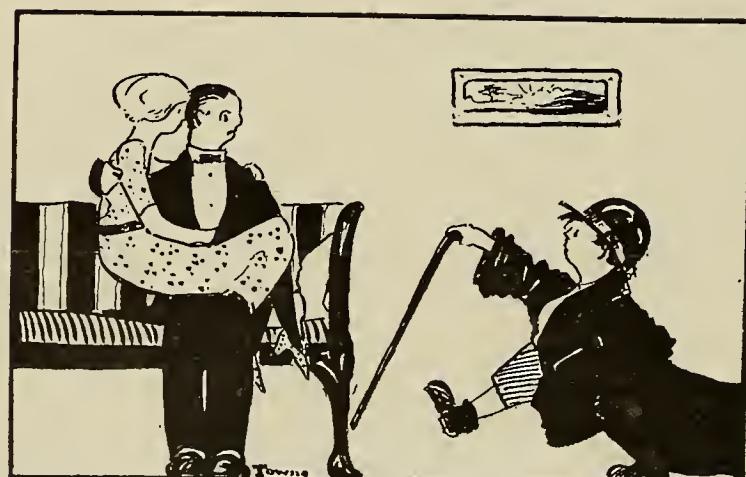
THREE men were talking of their ancestors.

The first said: Why one of my ancestors  
ran away from Germany about 100 years ago.

The second said: That is nothing my people  
came over in a sailboat that took 90 days.

That is nothing said the third, my people came  
over in a coal barge that followed the Mayflower.

S



Enter the Villain!

Welcome Back

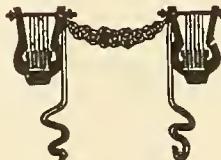
ALUMNI

You will find BUCK DEADY still  
feeding you as in days of old.

Now located in my new quarters be-  
tween Shiphuel's store and the Savings  
Bank.

Open from 7 a.m. to 1 a.m.

*An Orchestra  
with  
“P E P”*



For engagements, call:

M. M. Smith, Phi Sigma Kappa House  
or  
C. Dunbar—Sigma Phi Epsilon House

"Have you seen the 'Vale of Purple Snakes'?"  
"Lord, no, I haven't had a drink this semester."  
—Showme.

MORE MATERIAL ADVANCEMENT.

"Have you seen the new style socks?"  
"No. Are they good?"  
"Great convenience! They're sewed right  
into the shoes."  
"But how do you change them?"  
"You don't! That's the convenience."  
—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Barney:—"That Prof. made quite a long speech  
in chapel the other morning."

Fish:—"What was he talking about?"

Barney:—"He didn't say."

—Northwestern Chronicle.

"What would you say, dear, if I put my arm  
around you?" asked the inexperienced youth.  
"At last," responded the lady fair.

—Showme.

ATTENTION ALUMNI

Eat at

Mrs. Williams'

The

Best Home Cooking on the Campus.

Ask any Aggie man.

HARDWARE

Sporting Goods

Flash Lights

*The Mutual Plumbing and Heating Co.*

Amherst

# *Printing - Ruling - Binding*

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**"The Kind Worth While"**

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## **EXCELSIOR PRINTING CO.**

Phone 59

North Adams, Mass.

A starving tramp stopped at a kitchen in California and asked for food.

"You likee fish?" asked the Chinese cook.

"Yes," replied the tramp, eagerly.

"All lite, come around Fliday."

—*Mugwump.*

### **GLASS HOUSES, ETC.**

The Prof. had written on the back of a theme:  
"Please write more legibly."

Next day:—"Prof., what is that you put on  
my theme?"

—*Tar Baby*

### **NOT THE VICTROLA WAY**

Fair Maiden:—Will you start "Whispering?"  
Cautious Stude—Is your old man home?"

—*Jester*

## **The Draper Hotel**

Northampton, Mass.

### **THE HOTEL OF BANQUETS**

*We Cater to Football, Baseball & Basket-  
Ball Teams*

*Also to—*

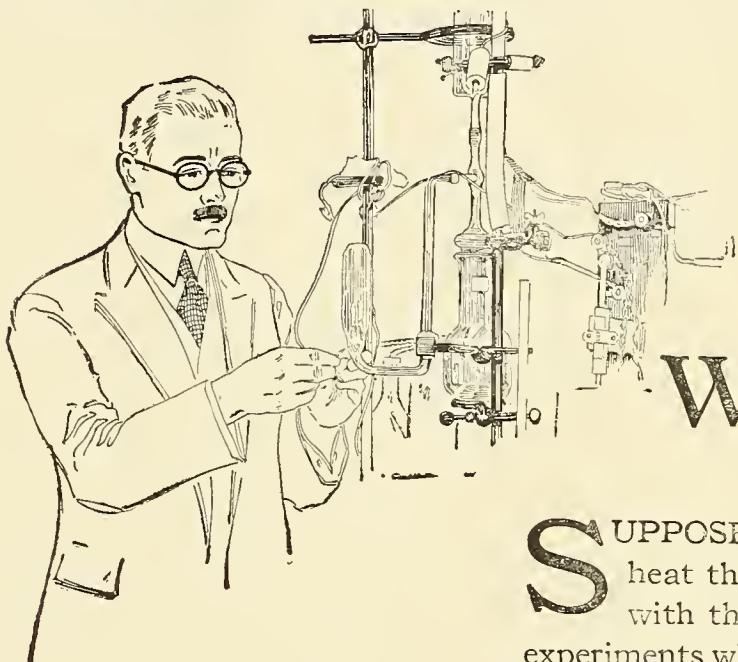
Class Banquets, of which we have made  
such a Great Success—Come Again.

**WM. M. KIMBALL, PROP.**

Unsophisticated Miss:—"What did Hal mean  
when he said that Helen was mushy?"

World-wise Miſter—"I guess he meant she  
was kind of soft from constant squeezing."

—*Medley.*



## What Is Research?

**S**UPPOSE that a stove burns too much coal for the amount of heat that it radiates. The manufacturer hires a man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation to make experiments which will indicate desirable changes in design. The stove selected as the most efficient is the result of research.

Suppose that you want to make a ruby in a factory—not a mere imitation, but a real ruby, indistinguishable by any chemical or physical test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you try to make rubies just as nature did, with the same chemicals and under similar conditions. Your rubies are the result of research—research of a different type from that required to improve the stove.

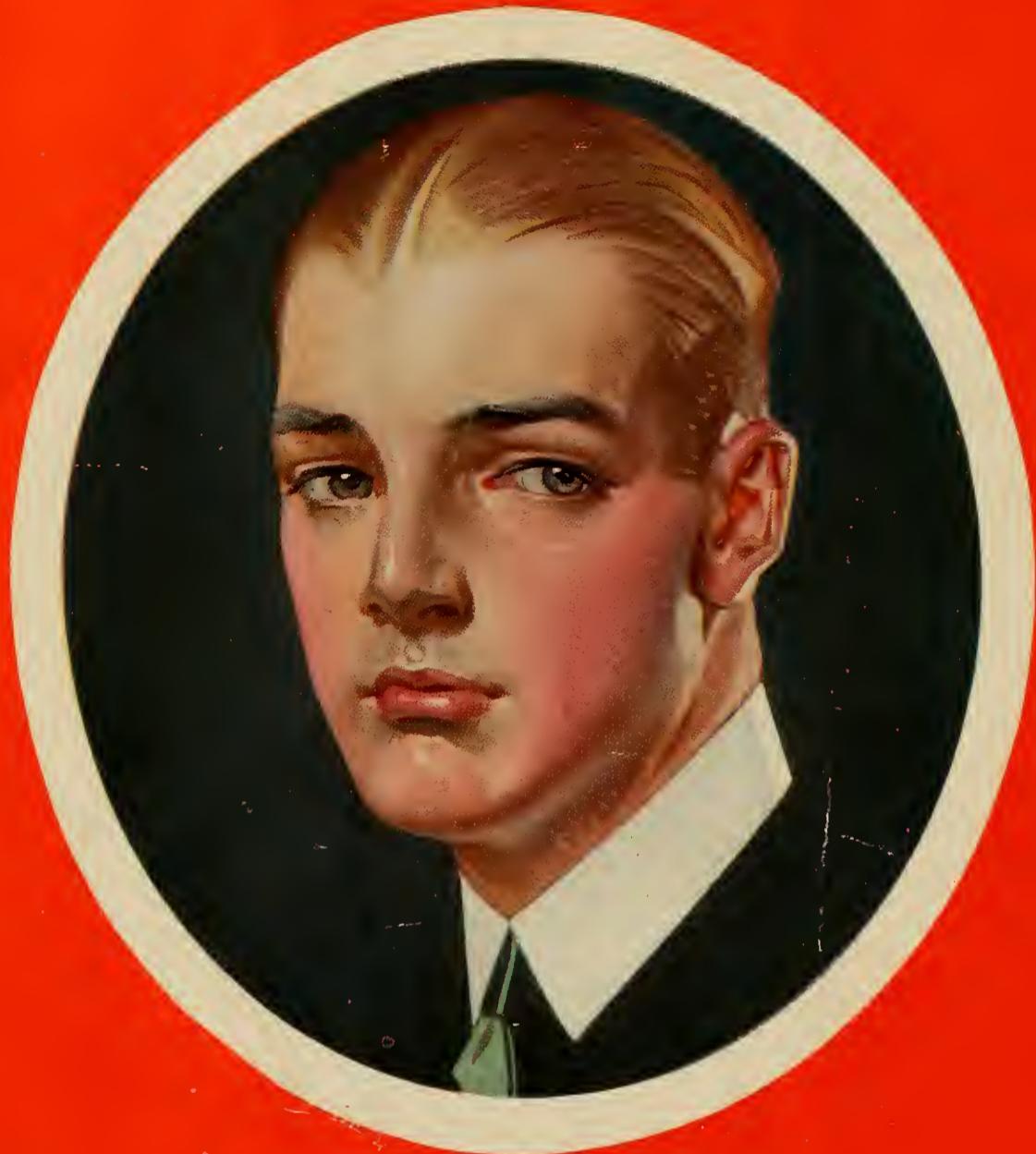
Suppose, as you melted up your chemicals to produce rubies and experimented with high temperatures, you began to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago when rubies were first crystallized, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. You begin an investigation that leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, and, for that matter, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type—pioneering into the unknown to satisfy an insatiable curiosity.

Research of all three types is conducted in the Laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type of research—pioneering into the unknown—that means most, in the long run, even though it is undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

At the present time, for example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. Some day this X-ray work will enable scientists to answer more definitely than they can now the question: Why is iron magnetic? And then the electrical industry will take a great step forward, and more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

**General Electric**  
General Office  Company Schenectady, N. Y.



SPUR - A NEW  
ARROW  
COLLAR  
FOR YOUNG MEN

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1912

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Massachusetts Agricultural College,  
AMHERST, MASS.

# The Flockie Squib



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WATERMAN  
FOUNTAIN PENS

DUNHILL, BBB,  
TREBOR AND  
KAGWOODIE  
PIPES

At conversation she is helpless,  
As she sits and chews her gum;  
Just the type for a petting or party,  
Good looking, but awfully dumb.

*Wasp*

"My professor doesn't know good English."  
"How so?"  
"Why he says 'pie are square,' when it should  
be 'pie is round.'"

*Widow*

The  
James McKinnon Co.  
Photo Engravers

Plates for College Annuals  
Class Books and all illustrative purposes  
Quality first. Prices Right.

257 Main St.      Springfield, Mass.

## ..LEARN TO PLAY..

*Tenor Banjo, Mandolin,  
Mandolin Banjo, Ukelele.*

Special Course in "Popular" Music

NOTE: Arrangements will be made  
to give instruction at Amherst.  
Write or call for particulars.

"Gibson" and "Vega" instru-  
ments at reasonable prices.

## The Cooke Studio

Sherwin Block

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Over 5 and 10 cent Store

He: "Let's go to the dance tonight."  
She: "Why do you like to dance so much?"  
He: "Oh! for many reasons: I can put my  
arm around you, draw you up close, feel your  
soft cheek against mine, and—"

She: "That will do! Let's stay at home and  
make believe we went to the dance."

*Tar Baby*

"George and Amy dance well together, don't  
they?"  
"Yes; well together is right, my dear."

*Pelican*

## The Draper Hotel

Northampton, Mass.

THE HOTEL OF BANQUETS

We Cater to Football, Baseball & Basket-  
Ball Teams

Also to—

Class Banquets, of which we have made  
such a Great Success—Come Again.

WM. M. KIMBALL, PROP.

## Amherst Book Store

### Fountain Pens and Banners

A large assortment of all kinds of Fiction

Step in and let me show you the new  
Lefax Note Book

C. F. DYER

### GUESS WHERE

"Hump! I suppose you've been everywhere?" sneered Gibson as the great explorer finished relating his experience.

"No," replied the traveller. "Not everywhere, I haven't yet visited the place the taxi-driver told me to go to when I refused to tip him."

Diz: "Give me a smoke, Old Chap!"

Dizzy: "Sorry, but I'm all fagged out.

*Showme*

## Student Furniture

GEO. W. GRIGGS

22 AMITY STREET

Tel. 446-J

## The Academy of Music

Presenting the best pictures and  
novel attractions

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Frank McEntee

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MATINEE

"THE PIGEON"

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

EVENING

"BEYOND the HORIZON"

By EUGENE O'NEILL

Big New York Successes

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CAVALRY HORSE BARN

244 Main St.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

# Kingsley's

DRUG STORE



Northampton, - Mass.

Bill: I can't use your story of the stove-pipe.  
John: Why not?  
Bill: It isn't clean.

Kutie: Agnes slipped on her veranda last night.  
Brutie: Well, did it fit her?

*Flamingo*

Dumb: I come from a family that had eight boys and five girls.

Bell: Boy! That's no family—it's a whole neighborhood.

*Brown Jug*

Dingg: "After all, a fellow's better off if he stays home at night and reads a good book or magazine."

Lingg: "That's right; I couldn't get a date tonight, either."

*Sun Dial*

## NOT FOR SALE

"This cook is respectful and appears competent. I'll engage her."

"Oh you can't have her!"

"Why not?"

"She's our office sample."

*Judge*

## WHY KEEP HER WAITING

"Somewhere there is a woman waiting for every man."

"I know there is one waiting for me. I'm behind in my room rent."

*Tar Baby*

## Mitchell Belkin

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241 Main St.

Studios

Phone 1753

Northampton, Mass.

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*Special Rates  
to Students*

Experts in  
developing and  
printing  
your films

Films developed  
FREE  
to students

## The Mary Marguerite Tea Room and Food Shop



21 State Street

Northampton, Mass.



Lunches and Suppers served

Hours 11:00-6:60



Accommodations made for  
private evening dinner parties

Busy Billie (to tramp): "How does it happen that you're bumming, with all the work there is to do?"

Weary Willie: "It's like this: My ole man died lookin' for work; my brother died o' work; my sister was run over and killed on the way home from work. And me, boss—I ain't takin' any chances."

*Virginia Reel*

"Do you raise pears in Louisiana?" Bishop Potter once asked a man whose acquaintance he had made on the train.

"We do," was the reply, "if we have threes or better."

*Boston Transcript*

#### THE CUT UNKIND

"Don't you think that Maybelle has a complexion like a peach?"

"Yeh, I noticed that she had fuzz on her upper lip, too."

#### A RECORD

Practical: "Fred was in three major engagements and only lost one finger."

Sofa Serp: "That's nothing. Algy has had four engagements and only lost one ring."

*Tar Baby*

"He's wandering in his mind."

"That's all right; he won't go far."

*Va. Reel*

Father (calling down stairs): Mary, is that young man there yet?

Mary: No, father, but he's getting there.

*Froth*

He (eager to tell her latest choice bit): There's something going round that will interest you, dear.

She: Well be careful, there are some pins in my waist.

*Dodo*

#### FAIR AND WARMER

He: "You are the sunshine of my life! You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud—etc."

She: "Is this a proposal or a weather report?"

*Lehigh Burr*



First Soph—"Why so doleful, Old Top; flunk your midyears?"

Second Soph—"No, worse! So busy cramming, I missed Wallach Bros.' representative on his last trip."

First Soph—"Tough luck, but cheer up. He's here every other week from now on."

#### "Most Certainly Since You Wish It"

That is what we responded a brief half year ago in answer to the pleasant insistence of our many College-Men Customers that we visit them during the long weeks when it was impossible for them to visit us.

We are glad we decided to accept these invitations of our friends in the Colleges, because our reception everywhere has been mighty cordial. But we are equally glad that we made haste slowly in making up our minds to go before we went.

We feel it is a matter for honest self-congratulation that the Colleges discovered us instead of our having "discovered" the Colleges. It is one thing to visit by invitation, as we are doing, and still another for purposes of exploitation, as we never would consent to do.

*"Satisfaction or Money Back"*

#### Wallach Bros.

Hats, Haberdashery and  
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Clothing.

*"Four New York Stores"*

<b>SPECIAL</b>
Tuxedo or Full Dress
<b>\$63.00</b>
Style and taitored by Hart, Schaffner & Marx, which means they are correct in every detail.
General Offices Broadway, cor. 29th Street New York

# *Printing - Ruling - Binding*

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**"The Kind Worth While"**

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## **EXCELSIOR PRINTING CO.**

Phone 59

North Adams, Mass.

*Ask "Dad" he knows*

If "Dad" went to school at M. A. C. the chances are good that he knew the right place to buy his clothes and patronized us. Good clothes for college men for over thirty years. If you haven't bought your sheepskin coat come in and look ours over.

**F. M. Thompson & Son**

*Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes*

I kicked a mongrel cur,  
He uttered a mournful wail,  
Where did I kick him Sir?  
Oh! Thereby hangs a tale.      *Ex.*

Bob: "What kind of a girl is Evangeline?"  
Ned: "She is the kind of a girl who asks you why the basement windows of gymnasiums are always frosted."

*Phoenix*

### **THE VALUE OF EDUCATION**

"Little boy," said the visitor at the school house, "what do you intend to be when you grow up?"

"A fish peddler, Mister."  
"And why a fish peddler?"  
"Because then I'd only have to work on Friday."

*Tripod*

Insulted Maiden: Oh, sir, catch that man!  
He tried to kiss me.

Genial Passerby: That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute.

*Purple Cow*

## The Futurist

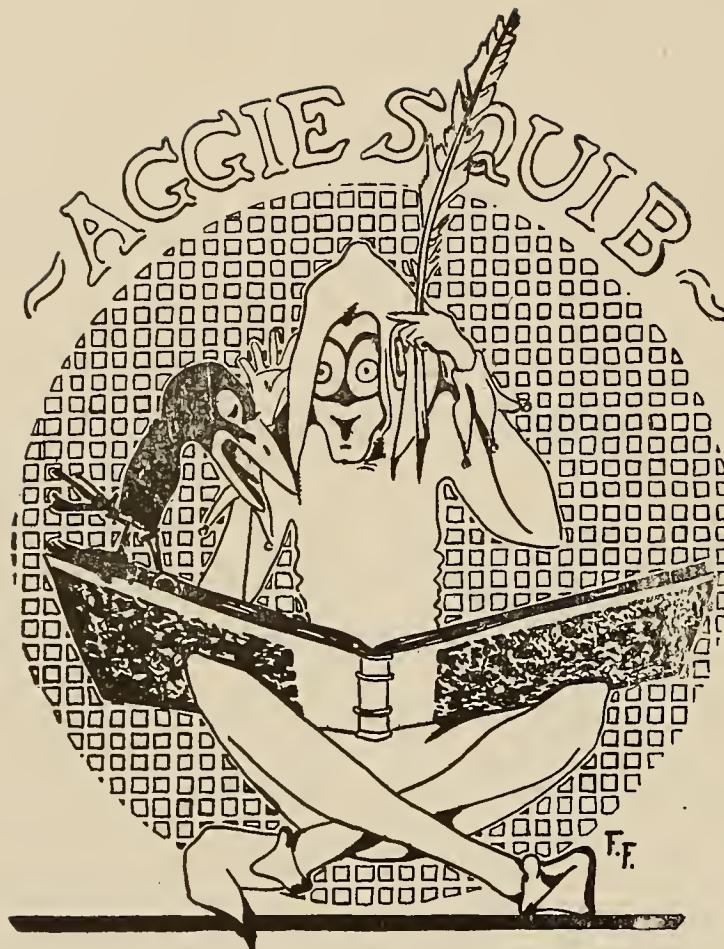
\* \* \*

If Futurists had lived in days of Pope,  
They'd died a fearful death without a hope  
Of reaching heaven, for his potanic wrath  
Had moved them down in one fierce, sweeping path!

But Youth who writes today  
In truth, bows down before no god  
Of rules, but rhymes where fancy suits,  
And then at times he has no rhyme,  
Or apparently never attempts at meter,  
And we allow him life!

For who dares say which is the greater---  
The hard of former days  
Or this uneasy, restless hater  
Of customary ways?

We'll call them great or fools,  
Or what we will.  
Or fight it out with rules---  
Or just keep still!



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### SUBSCRIBERS

Any changes of address of subscribers should be reported to the Circulation Manager. Those not receiving copies are requested to notify him at once so that proper delivery can be made.

There are many Sunkissed oranges, a few Sun-kissed peaches but not very darned many Son-kissed Lemons.

*Awgwan*

KISS! KISS!! KISS!!!

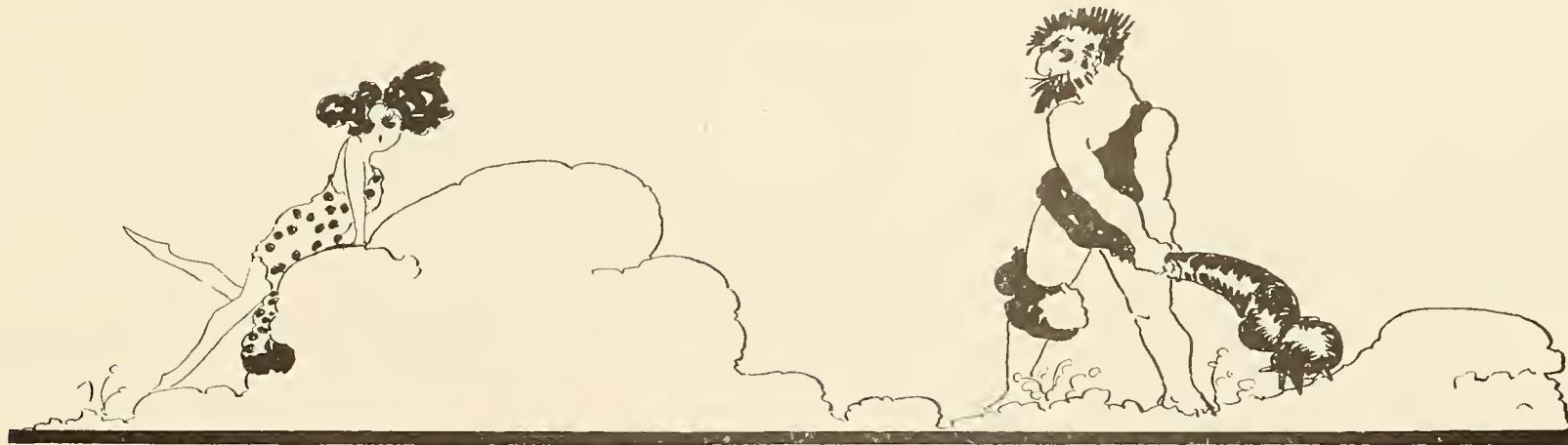
Our idea of a tough situation is for a fellow to get a kiss fairly well launched and then have a sneeze beat hin out.

*Ex.*

---

# The Squib

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## The First Impressionist

S

### THE EXPLANATION

**I**T seems  
They call them  
“The Futurist School”  
Of poets and painters  
Because in the future  
They may learn  
To rhyme or paint.  
Lord knows  
They can’t now.

S

**T**HAT’S the dope,” said the drug fiend as he pricked his arm once more.”

S

**T**EACHER: Johnny, give an example of a simple sentence.

Johnny: Thirty Days.

S

### MY AUTOMOBILE

**O**H, the Ford went flip  
And the Ford went flop  
I landed with it  
But not on top.

S

**T**HE landlords are nice fellows nowadays. If a man hasn’t the money to pay his rent, the landlord will help him out.

S

**S**OPH: “Did you know that women teachers are becoming chorus girls now?”

Junior: “How do you figure that out?”

Soph: “Well, you see they received so little money for showing figures to small boys, that now they show figures to the big boys.”

S

**T**HEY were talking of cool men. Pat told of how an old ox driver he knew was attacked in the middle of a big field by an angry bull. When the bull was within ten feet the old Irishman hollered “Gee” and the bull turned to the right as he had been taught. A Yankee, was the only man present who was unmoved. The crowd asked him if he had ever known a man as cool headed. “Surely,” replied the Yankee, “any child in our part of the country would do as much. The coolest headed man I ever knew, died just last August at Palm Beach. He took a dive from a springboard into the ocean, and his head was so cool, that when it hit the water, the water froze and he broke his head on the ice.

S

### CLAIR DE LUNE

(A Futuristic Impression)

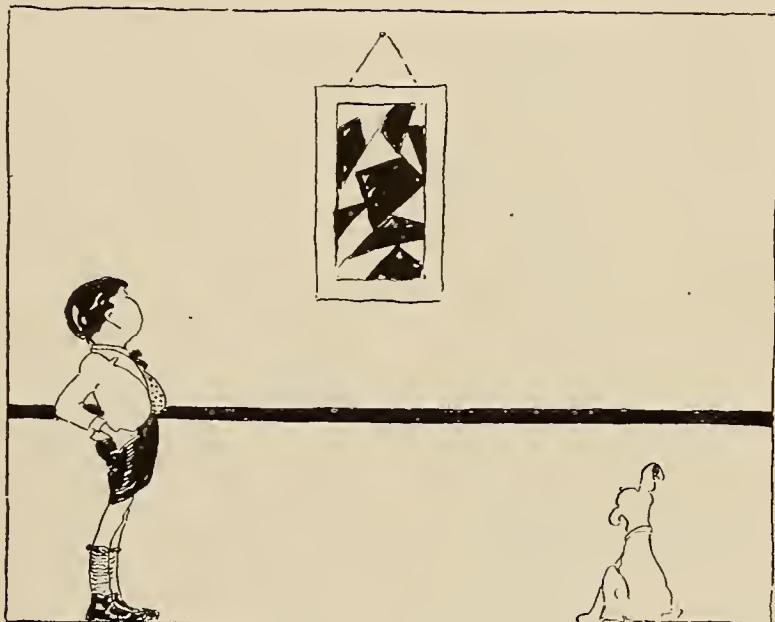
**T**HREE was a moon high in the heavens  
Golden, mystic, shedding its light of enchantment.  
Why does her face so bewitch me?  
I seem to see the light of heaven in her half closed eyes.

Or is it in her soul, white, virginal, trusting.  
What have I done? She is awaiting my kiss.  
I feel the warm pulse of her body, clinging,  
clinging.

I bend closer. The perfume of her lips pervades me.

A strange longing,—a strange perfume,—delicate,—exotic,—  
Yet strangely compelling,—drawing, drawing,  
Our lips touch,—response,—quick pressure.  
The moments flit by.  
We have kissed.

# The Squib



"Jimmy! If I'm ever goin' to look like that I don't want to grow up!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS FROM 15 to 95

O H, bliss!  
A kiss!  
Unsterilized!!  
A girl,  
A churl,  
Both periled!

Result?  
Consult  
A lexicon.  
He might  
(oh, fright!)  
Have had the con!

Beware!  
Take care!!  
Don't fall!!!  
You must  
Not trust;  
That's all.

A kiss  
Is bliss  
It's cause to be.  
It may,  
Some day,  
Cause you T. B.

So should  
Some good  
Man (young)  
Propose  
To expose  
Your lung

Just say,  
"I pray  
(Ejaculate!)  
Go way!  
You may  
Evacuate!"

Bulletin No. 131, 323. Society for Osculatory Sterilization (S.O.S.)

MELVIN Graves, our lion-hearted town corn-stubble inkarserated one of our most prominent citizens in the local hoosegow as he was detected returning home from the county seat after curfew, under the influence of liquids of uncertain composition. Mel tried to bribe this bibulous one with the sparkling proboscis where he got it. Being exceptionally loquacious on this occasion, the prisoner finally imparted the knowledge, via the deaf-and-dumb language, "From a bottle!" Whereupon, he spent the night in the jug.

S

FLIPPER: "I hear you flub-dubbed at mid-years."

Flopper: "Too true."

Flipper: "Won't the old man be all unstrung when he hears."

Flopper: "Not at all, I wired him this morning."

S

HENRY: "Just imagine how the women would look on Broadway in the costume of the Garden of Eden."

John: "Not bad in the summer, but how about autumn when the leaves begin to fall?"



# Editorials



## GIVE HIM CREDIT



UR long nights of winter may some day be illumined by a new planet. Our short, chilly days may, in the ages to come, be transformed into balmy days, such as the Californian warbles about; but not before that time shall we see the extinction of that mysterious animal, that power in human society, that yeast cake in the home-brew of art, that dash of ether in the gasoline tank of progress, known as the futuristic impressionist. Little do we know of his evolution, but it is safe to assume that he did not roll down through the ages in the same Darwinian perambulator with the common run of men. If science can prove that he did, then it must prove that, undoubtedly, he picked up along the route some flickering spark of optical superiority which our plodding ancestors failed to connect with.

Not long ago, Squibby wandered into that Cape Cod colony known as Provincetown, and, being of a curious disposition, he was determined to see what the latest developments in the realms of the aesthetic might be. He found that exhibits of our safe and sane artists were not sufficient to repay him for the long journey to this Bohemian village. After being bored for a half hour or more he came upon an enframed nightmare of raw linseed oil, that must have slid off a palette during the night of Curley's election. It was very appropriately designated as, "Lady Cornborough on Horseback." We say, "appropriately designated," because one could easily discern between the disorderly arrangement of parallelopipeds and pentadecagons, two of the most beautiful horse's hoofs that we have ever come in contact with. To be sure "Lady Cornborough" herself, happened to be attending the Firemen's Ball the night the painting was assembled, so could not be recorded as present, but the versatile artist had so deftly substituted a marble stairway, two Roman-Doric columns, and thirty seven pairs of celluloid dice, that, upon first glance, one would never realize that the "Lady" was among the missing.

It has been stated by many an old timer that the superiority of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the field of art, can never be surpassed, but in the light of our present development we must award the prize to the man who can produce a work that the civilization of a million years hence will marvel at.

S

## THE SQUIB BOARD



QUIBBY wishes to call attention to the new additions to its staff of workers who have shown their ability to such a degree that they have been placed upon the Board as permanent members. There also has been a decided revival of interest amongst the humorists outside the Board, which has resulted in several contributions of merit. Squibby appreciates this expression of interest and hopes that it will continue to grow.

S

The Squib desires to acknowledge contributions to this issue from the following men:

MARTIN '23

HANSCOMB '25

BALMAYNE 2 yr.

LOOMIS 2 yr.

---

# The Squib

---

## WHEN THE MOON SHINES ON THE MOON-SHINE

Time:—Next October.

Place:—Here.

### Characters

1. HICKS, *A Farmer.*
2. KLIM, *Another Farmer.*
3. SHIRTLESS HOMES, *The Great Defective.*
4. CRAIG KENNEDY- *His Understudy.*

Hicks, a prosperous farmer, and getting more prosperous every day, is suspected of being engaged in the moon-shine manufacture. Klim is supposed to be his accomplice. Two detectives are put on their trail.

The night was dark and stormy,  
The wind was howling wild,  
The sun was shining fiercely,  
The weather, it was mild.

SCENE I. Farm of Hicks. Barn in right foreground.

Hicks and Klim enter R. and enter barn. Hicks is singing that famous little ditty “I ain’t got the Agricultural Blues.” Homes and Ken. appear L. from under grape arbor, and cautiously sneak up under window in left side of barn.

*Homes:*—“Gosh, those grapes were good. I’d like to take some home and make some stuff with ‘em. Did you hear what that feller was singing? ‘I don’t care how many crops I lose’ and ‘Yer uncle Hicks know how to make the moon-shine still?’ I think this is the room. Got a tank, ‘n machinery, ‘n everything. Listen!”

*Hicks:*—“Fill ‘er up, and we’ll put ‘er through. ‘twan’t workin’ right the other day. I don’t know what the matter was.”

*Ken:*—“Doggone this curtain being down. Can’t see a thing. Where the deuce does this wind come from before it starts to blow? Hear that thing buzz. What is it?”

*Homes:*—“Oh, some new machine they’ve rigged up that takes the moon-shine taste out of it, I hear.”

*Hicks:*—“There, now we’ll test it, and see how it is. Here, don’t drink them skimmings; take some of the real stuff.”

*Homes:*—“Hot dog! Would that I were in there!”

There is a whirr of machinery for several minutes.

*Hicks:*—“My customers like their’s about 20 %. They say it’s a little too heavy if it’s any more than that.”

*Klim:*—“Wall, I take mine about 15 % and homogenize it.”

*Homes:*—“Holy smokes! 15 and 20 %. Jiminy, I guess it’s about time to act. Come on!”

They rush into the barn, and hold the two men up at pistol point.

*Homes:*—“Throw up yer hands, there! It’s all off. Give us a sample and the recipe, or we’ll put yer in the jug.”

*Hicks:*—“Yessir, very simple. You just mix it up in that tank there, and adjust the screw in the separator for 20%. Have a glass of cream boys!”

Exeunt

# The Squib

## VERS LIBRE—TRES LIBRE

**I**F only this  
Were poetry  
And would be  
Accepted by  
Other magazines  
Than the  
“Futurist Number” of  
“The Squib,” why,  
Believe me, kid,  
I’d never work for a living.

S

## HEARD AT SHEPARD'S

**D**'YE give stamps?"  
"I wanta sofa piller to wear to the movies."  
"Take your hatpin out of my eyc, or I'll weep  
and rust it!"

S

## HERD ON CAMPUS

**M**OO!"

S

**S**OPH: "I have a new job."  
Frosh: "What doing?"  
Soph: "My girl gave me a stand up on the  
corner."

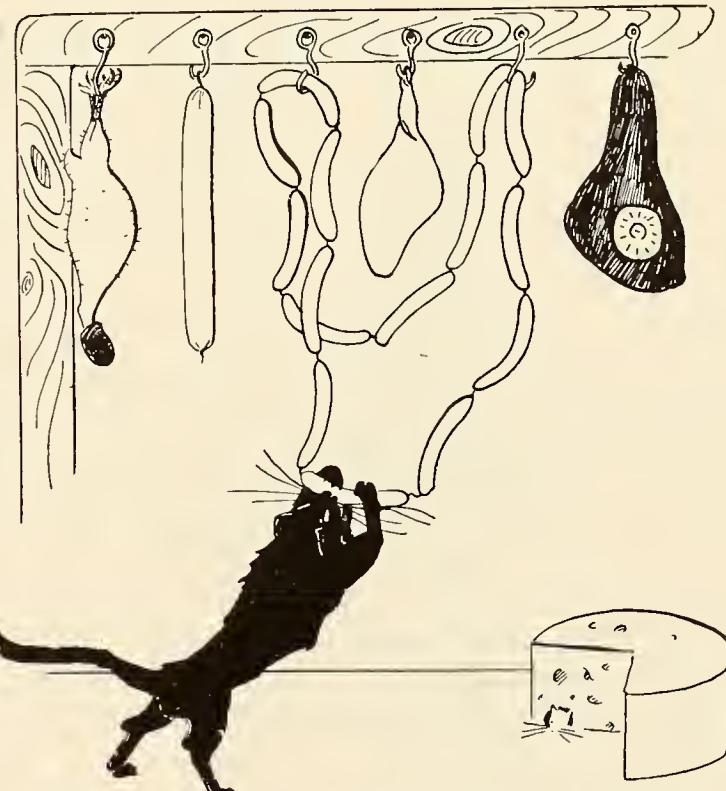
S

**B**ILL: "Did you know that the American  
women are the most patriotic in the world?"  
Jim: "No, why?"  
Bill: "They symbolize their national anthem,  
'O say can you see'."

S

## THINK IT OVER

**I**'D wager that anyone with a real solid ivory  
dome would lose his head the first time he  
crossed a dark alley in New York City.



Who said a cat was afraid of a Dog! — R.N.

S

## OH SLUSH

**H**E: "I can prove to you that woman is more  
foolish than man."  
She: "You can't."  
He: "Men commonly fall in love with women!"  
She: "Yes."  
He: "And women commonly fall in love with  
men!"  
She: "Yes."  
He: "Then judge for yourself which is the  
more foolish."

S

1st Co-ed: "John's coming up to spend the  
evening."

2nd Co-ed: "Doesn't he ever spend anything  
but the evening?"

S

## FLIVVER FACTS

**A** BOUNCING, a jouncing.  
A creak and a crack.  
A swagger, a stagger  
A blow in the back.

A knocking, a rocking,  
A jolt and a jar.  
A jiggle, a joggle,  
A helluva car.

---

# The Squib

---



## MEDITATIONS OF A DINER

THE meal is served, and all around,  
The air is filled with varied sound.

The soup—inhaler's gurgling note,  
Rings loud and clear, though quite remote.  
The salad fiend is close at hand,  
Ingesting leaves and spitting sand.  
The omelet crank now sits aghast,  
He's found that eggs may have a past.  
Yet calm and stern amid the hogs,  
Sit rows on rows of dour stenogs.  
And over all there broods a calm,  
Which nullifies all thought of harm.

**M**ABEL: Grace dear, my ankles are awfully cold.

S

Grace: Oh, Mabel, you old-fashioned thing!

S

**S**MITH '25: "How is it that you don't feel afraid when you are sitting in the dark?"

Smith '22: "Oh I always have arms around me."

**S**OPH: "Things are coming down nowadays."  
Junior: "Yes they are."

Soph: "Bread has come down from 16 oz. to 12 oz., and now we get less dough for the same money."

S

"**H**OW much did you grow this summer?"  
"Oh, about three months."

S

S

**O**UR father's dug thru night and day, in those day's of ninety-eight,

The gold they sought was in the ground, they never had a date.

The modern girl digs night and day, in nineteen twenty-two

The place and date is anywhere—the goats are me and you.

## CAN YOU BEAT IT

**A**T an evening reception,  
Most anyone knows,  
The better the shape,  
The scarcer the clothes.

# The Squib

## phutur phachions

the return of John Derby



# The Squib

## THAT FUTURISTIC YOUNG MAN

ONCE upon a time there was a futuristic young man who preped at Naples-on-the-Hudson, where he learned to draw on one of the massive bulldog pipes, and tickle "Sweet Hortense" with his galoshes as he ambled down Main St. Naples-on-the-Hudson was no ordinary Preparatory University by any means, for the Dean was the champeen bridge artist in collegiate circles, and never sat in for less than five hundred and of course all the sportive Younger Generation just doted on spending their lozengers allowance at Auction with the Dean, which pleased all the doting mothers, who were also devotees of the favorite indoor sport of collegiate society. Our Futuristic Young man keenly felt the throbbing pulse of art beating seventy-two to the minute, and swallowed huge slices of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Carl Sandberg, and saved four bits by letting his hair reach the artistic length.

Fortified with the theory that it is better to kiss "definitely and thoroughly" than never to have kissed at all, and with the knowledge that all College Girls smoke Violet Milos, our modern Lochinvar descended or rather flapped down the hill, merely tinkling, "Leave Me With a Smile," on his tenor banjo galoshes. At the bottom of the declivity dwelt Lucy, and altho she was half hidden by a couple of pompoms, she was overjoyed to powder her knees and sally forth to greet our prep school prodigy. Now, horrible as it may seem, Lucy, altho a splendidly clever Gold Digger, was not a minor, having reached the voter's age among the female of the species, and she knew the answer to two and two, and a little more.

This being the season of Christmas, when the Dean had stacked his cards for two weeks and allowed the high tide to flow homeward, and the portals of the College Over the River had opened to allow the usual choice assortment of seal skins, leopard hides and raccoon pelts to waft toward the railroad terminal, both our hero and heroine were free to paddle in the snow, climb fences, or chatter about the paradoxical qualities of Ptomain St.

Now our Futuristic Young man, regardless of his unusual abilities at bridge, and the confidence that comes from getting drunk at a dinner party, had never played anything more knowing than fourteen year old flappers of Class A, but, realizing the limiting factors of dress and mental capacity, he resolved to give up the fourteen year olds and take on the modest but well fortified Lucy. I say well fortified, because she used an upstairs phone and kept an energetic younger brother on the wire below to act as witness, should the fish at the other end of the line attempt to break the hook. Painful to relate, this modern hero utterly disregarded the austere teachings of F. Scott, and fell hopelessly and heavily for the retiring Lucy, who soon retired into the lower branches of the Family Tree, where she remained like a ripe, luscious apricot, but just above the unskilled hands of the hero. She remains there to this day, and altho she has promised to address one scented letter to Naples on the Hudson, the conclusion bids fair to be quite morbid.

Moral: If you are young, don't look too far into the future, but be content to play Class A flappers.

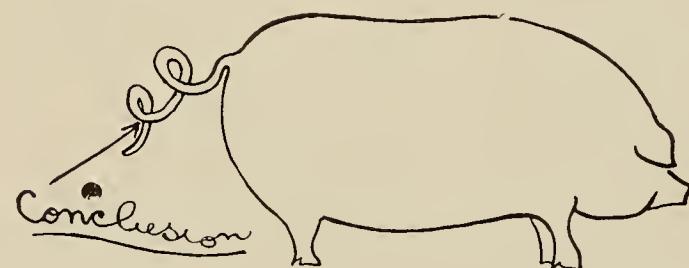
S

TEACHER, writing on board: "Animals have tails."

The pig is an animal.

Now Susie, go to the board and draw a conclusion for these statements."

Susie did:



# The Squib

## ADVENTURES IN DRIVING

I CRANKED her up,—  
The clutch was in,—  
The ground came up  
And hit my chin.

The gas tank leaked,—  
I lit a cigar.  
The Ford stayed there  
But I went far.

The front wheel broke,  
A fence we knocked.  
And I to sleep was.  
Was gently *rocked*.

I asked my girl  
To ride with me  
A tire blew out  
And so did she.

We met a mule,—  
No more to tell;  
The Ford's in Heaven,  
And I'm——getting well.

INGENUE: "How can I tell if a man is coming  
to see me a second time?"

Blase: "If he swears that he will, he won't;  
but if he doesn't say anything about it, the chances  
are that he will."

SSSSSSS---SSST!--BLOOD!!

WITH an axe the villain struck me.  
It did not hurt me much.  
For I wear Paris garters,  
No metal can me touch.



She: "Jack, do you believe in free love?"  
He: "I never could get it for nothing."

S

## KINDA TIMID

**B**ARBER: "Your hair is coming out on top,  
sir.

Sensitive Victim: Then for goodness' sake be  
quiet! If you start talking to it, it will probably  
crawl back again.

Ex.

S

S

## TENDERSON (OR AGGIE)'S LATEST

**C**OME out into the garden, Maud,  
And let us make it fast!

The twist of the noddle that comes from the  
toddle"

It cannot, will not, last!!

# EXCHANGES



Editor: This cartoon isn't shaded enough.  
Cartoonist: Maybe not; but wait'll you see  
the joke that goes with it.

*Scalper*

Census Taker: "Does your husband gamble,  
smoke, or stay out at night?"  
Indulgent Wife: "That's his business."  
Census Taker: "Has he any other business?"

*Sun Dial*

—S—

Dumb: "I saw a negro funeral today and  
behind the hearse walked a number of mourners  
with pails."

Bell: "Why the pails?"

Dumb: "Going blackburying."

*Bearskin*

S

1st Infant: My sister got a pearl from an  
oyster.

2nd Infant: That's nothing; my sister got  
a diamond from some poor fish.

*Jester*

S

## FAITH

Frosh: (statistically inquiring) "When is a  
young lady not a lady?"

Senior (yawning): "Usually."

*Octopus*

S

"Here is where I get stung," said the boy as  
he kicked a beehive.

*Octopus*

S

Phiz Prof: "Young man, what can you tell  
me about the joints?"

Fizz Fros: "I'er-don't know, sir, I haven't  
been in this town very long."

*Wasp*

Mrs. Landlubber: "Oh John, I feel terribly ill!"  
Mr. Landlubber: "Hush, my dear; keep it  
to yourself."  
Mrs. Landlubber: "But I can't."

*Tiger*

S

The curtain bore the label, "asbestos."

"Aw, heck, I've seen this show before," said  
the verdant yearling as he left the Majestic."

*Orange Owl*

S

"Do you know what a man would be without  
a pair of trousers?"

"No, what?"

"He'd be arrested."

*Tar Baby*

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# The ~~Am~~ Squib



1922  
police gazette  
number

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### TWO GREAT WOMEN IN HISTORY

Teacher: "Johnie, name two great women in history."

Johnie: "Don't know."

Teacher: "Yes you do. Think of the pictures on the wall at home. Think of the big posters gotten out during the war."

Johnie: "Joan of Arc."

Teacher: "Now that's it, think of some picture on the wall at home."

Johnie: "Oh, yes. Joan of Arc and September Morn."

*Octopus*

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### ONE FOOT UP

Judge: "You were present when this fight started?"

Mandy: "Yessah."

Judge: "And you got cut in the fracas?"

Mandy: "Nossuh, Ah got cut in the arm.

*Sun Dodger*

Grump: "I'm only a pebble in her life."

Aristotle: "Well why don't you try being a little boulder."

*Octopus*

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Her (selecting guests for their wedding): "But my dear, we can't invite Mrs. Jones—why, just think of her past!"

Him: "Ah yes, but, my dear, think of her present."

*Puppet*

### IMPOSSIBLE

Gamma Phi: "I wonder why women don't grow moustaches?"

Phi Delt: "Dija ever see grass grow on a race track?"

*Whirlwind*

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NORTHAMPTON

Temperance Lecturer: "If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

Soak: "The water."

T. L.: "Yes, and why?"

Soak: "Because he's an ass."

*Chaparral*

Woman: "I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood."

Tramp: "Don't apologize for it, mum, I've seen worse."

*Purple Cow*

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Henry: "Just one more dear; just one more like the last one."

Marge: "But Henry, there isn't time. You must leave in ten minutes."

*Frivol*

Truculent Bill Collector: "Are you Mr. Smith?"  
Mr. Smith (meekly): "No, sir. I'm my roommate."

*Record*

Visitor: "Does, Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a nightwatchman."

*Goblin*

There was a hefty boid  
Who came from Toity-toid.

A goil had he  
Who flung, did she,  
A wicked adenoid.

*Showme*

She: "What do you mean by kissing me?  
What do you mean?"

He: "Er, er, nothing."

She: "Then don't you dare do it again. I won't have any man kissing me unless he means business, d'ye hear?"

*Ex.*

Eight O'clocker (waking roommate): "It's ten to eight."

Roommate (sleepily): "Wait till the odds get better. Then place it all."

*Widow*

## Mitchell Belkin

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Teacher: "In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?"

Little Boy: "I guess it's the part that says that no man can serve more than one master."

*Tar Baby*

He: This storm may put the lights out. Are you afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that cigarette out of your mouth."

*Jack-o-Lantern*

Flapper: "Are those binoculars very powerful?"

Sailor: "Miss, these glasses bring things up so close that everything less than ten miles away looks like it is behind you."

*Showme*

## Foreword



"What are you reading, dear?"  
Quoth the fair young wife,  
As lightly she glided near--  
"My dear," he said, "of life--  
Of life on a soft, pink sphere  
Where women are fair,  
Delightfully fair, my dear,  
And free as the morning air--  
Of life where charms hold sway  
O'er all the darker world,  
Where thirst is washed away,  
Where magic pipes are curled."  
"But oh, can I not see  
This rosy land of dreams?"  
"Oh no, I fear," said he,  
"It's not quite as it seems!"  
--But slyly reaching down in his pocket's depths,  
She found--well, you shall see!

# The Squib

THREE OUNCE WIRE-HATPIN CROWN COPPED BY PEROXIDE BLOND

NEW CHAMPION BOASTS CLEVEREST LEGS IN FOLLIES

**P**ALM Beach. Deep gloomy remorse thicker than chocolate pie hangs over the followers of the Gaiety, for the three ounce wire hatpin crown which has long rested upon the permanent wave of Flo Petersen, the high kicking Gaiety Queen, now perches cunningly upon the golden curls of June Hyacinth, Adolph Zucker's peroxide protégé.

At the beginning of the winter season, when Flo Ziegfeld staked the sweet Hyacinth to the limit against the Gaiety marvel, bets were offered at the bridge tables at even money. During the training period while Flo was toddling at the Copley-Plaza, and June synthesized at the Ritz, the boys who ran in from Princeton to see the Peroxide Hope in action began offering the tea hounds at Harvard odds at three to two. All the bald heads, who are after all the only real authority the press has to draw from when it comes to judging quality encased in silk tights, June has proved the best Marie Dressler.

The bout opened with all where a mystic circle had Flo arrived first in a dove-stered in pink morocco. She playfully to the ringside where ushers who served her with lettuce sandwiches as she er chair. The dowagers who menting upon the lines of which was simplicity itself.

June appeared promptly with her inferior position own Ford. She was attired very charming as she wafted

The referee, Mrs. Ludwing of the contest. A flutter of the dowagers and debutantes, The faces of a few slender of corpulent men of affairs horrors of the affair were ani-

At the sound of the tea small tight fitting toques, polished and pointed three ushers stepped aside, kisses tripped lightly into action, a small, luscious, golden thread some three feet above

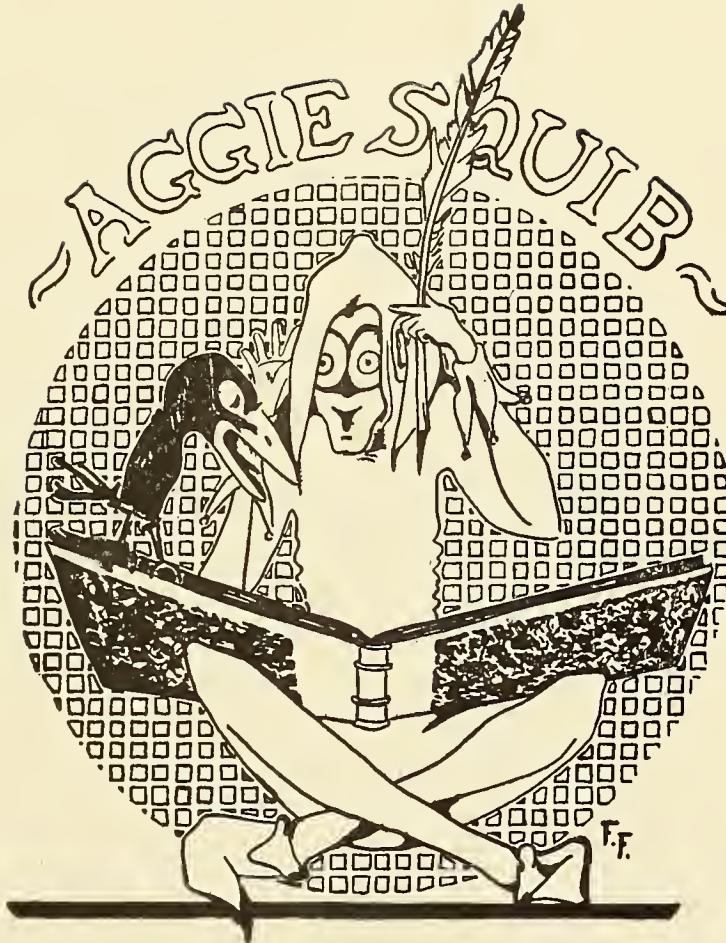
It was a contest of consummate skill, the grace, beauty, and high kicking of the beauteous creatures bringing ripples of applause from the intellectuals who had motored down for the classic.

The end came suddenly. With a supreme effort the challenger impaled the golden sweet. Mrs. Ludwing waved a scented handkerchief and the challenger glanced languishingly at the once champion. Another idol had risen at the ringside.



Palm Beach on the beach been drawn upon the sands. gray Rolls Royce, up-hol-leaped lightly out and danced she was received by her grape juice lemonade and reclined languidly in a steam-had ringside seats were com-her one piece bathing suit

at five-thirty. In keeping as a challenger she drove her as a mermaid and looked lightly over the white sand. White announced the rules excitement fluctuated among and a tea bell tinkled sweetly. youths and the sprinkling who had braved the possible mated with bored admiration. bell, the contestants donned from which protruded two ounce wire hatpins. The were exchanged and they each endeavoring to impale sweet, suspended by a silken the top of their toques.



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WHERE is it that we heard of the absent-minded prof who poured syrup down his neck and scratched his pancake?

*Flamingo*

AN optomist is a thin, bow-legged girl trying off to keep in step with 1922 styles.

*Lemon Punch*



# *Editorials*



## THE INSEPARABLE UNION

**B**ARBER-SHOP, Tonsorial Parlor, "call it what you will," you will find the hair-cutting factory an institution that is indispensable. It takes the place of an aristocratic club in the existence of an "eighteen-a-week" sport. It fulfills the function of library, gossip center smoking room, and billiard emporium; as well as being a haven for half-bearded youths and bobbed-haired maidens.

Shaves, hair-cuts, shampoos, etc., are merely incidental when it comes to tabulating the service rendered by our modern "palace of mirrors." To evaluate its position in modern civilization would be impossible.

But why is it that every time we think of this versatile business establishment a faint ruddy apparition passes before our eyes, as if there were something about a barber-shop that was ghostly. We cannot think of those white-enameled, plush seated chairs; those exhibits of keen-edged, shining implements; those rows upon rows of Ed. Pinaud's, Hericide, Eau de Quinine, Hair Petrol, Zepps', Glover's Mange Cure, etc., reflected in a vastness of crystal mirror, without seeing this inseparable, pink spectre. In the opinion of Squibby, it is not the demand for a well-trimmed and well-shaven head that has made the tonsorial parlor such a popular resort, but the hypnotic attraction of this senior member of every barber's corporation The Police Gazette, that has caused this unprecedented tide of interest in hair-cutting.

S

## "THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

**J**HE old order changeth and giveth place to new," as Demosthenes said when the lion he had been chasing around a city block commenced to chase him. On this, the last issue of the Squib under the old board, our chief difficulty has been to make the Police Gazette Number true to title without making a bad impression upon the delicate sensibilities of our most refined readers.

We hope we have solved the problem by bringing out the issue at this time. If our readers will only be kind enough to credit the new board with everything good in this issue and credit to the outgoing officers everything bad, we shall get along famously the coming year.

S

The Squib desires to acknowledge contributions to this issue from the following men:

KING GRAD.

HAEUSSLER '25

PADDOCK '23

## Police Gazette



Absolutely Aesthetic



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Published once a week as long as  
one of us is free to publish it.

### DON'T TELL US

If you do not laugh at our jokes.

If you do laugh at them  
TELL YOUR DOCTOR!

That's fair enough. That's what  
doctors are for, and people never  
realize how near crazy they may be.



Now is a particularly good time to  
subscribe to this rosy magazine. We  
need the money to bail out our  
Editor.



Don't forget that our cameras are  
going to see more in 1922 than  
they ever saw before.

**SPORTING NEWS**—From all  
the colleges and universities.  
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legitimate and illegitimate  
stage. Watch next issue for  
complete news of the  
great reunion of all Lucy  
Manner's divorced husbands.

**PICTURES**—We don't dare tell  
you how many. All your  
sights turn to thighs when  
you see our 1922 bashful,  
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Learn why they keep the Ocean  
tide! Consult your oculist be-  
fore buying the Centipede num-  
ber. 50 PAIRS belonging to  
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### OUR MOTTO

We lead where few dare to  
follow.

### LISTEN TO THE OUT- CRY OF PLEASED SUBSCRIBERS

I teach physiology in Flim-  
flam College. My course was  
the most hated in the curricu-  
lum. Last year I began using  
the Police Gazette for a text  
book. My pupils now number  
210, including eleven faculty.  
*Joshua C. Rackbrain*

I am almost blind. Doctors  
give me half year more of day-  
light. Please send me the Police  
Gazette for six months. I can  
see more for my money there  
than anywhere else.

*Satisfied*

Accept a poor wife's thanks.  
Until I bought your magazine  
for my husband last Christmas,  
he was never at home. He now  
spends one evening a week read-  
ing the Gazette.

*Mrs. Dumbegg*

# The Squib

**I**DON'T see anything in 'The Police Gazette'."

"It is nothing but a leg show," said Bill Bluff as he bought his seven hundred and fifty-first copy.

**S**IS: Mabel told me you only kissed her once last night. What were you doing out in the hall for over an hour?

Bro: Kissing Mabel!

S

S

## AGRICULTURAL SPANISH

**C**OMO esta usted?"  
"Soy bean."

S

S

**S**OME chicken with you last night." "Well, she may have been a chicken but you couldn't feed her on cracked corn."



S

S

## PHYSICS PERSONIFIED

A couple is a combination of forces that tends to produce rotation.

## "WHAT IS IT"

**B**OBBED hair—painted cheek,  
Aggressive look—mind weak,  
Dresses short—rolled socks,  
Lashes trimmed—beauty spots,  
Low-necked dress—sport shoes,  
Smokes a lot—drinks booze,  
Fur coat—grey gloves  
Davports—free love,  
Acts wild—wise line,  
Eats, drinks—any time,  
College prom—house dance,  
Clinging vine—free lance,  
Golf trou—looks dapper,  
All 'round fool—MODERN FLAPPER.

**I**IF I ever enlist again," said ex-private McDoodle "it'll be in the Mexican Army or the police force, where everybody's an officer."

S

**A**U revoir!"—means "good-bye" in French.  
"Adios!"—means "good-bye" in Spanish.

"Carbolic acid."—means "good-bye" in any language.

# The Squib

## TRACK MEET WON BY MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Massachusetts Agricultural College today became the permanent possessor of a handsome registered Texas Longhorn bull, presented by the Secretary of Agriculture to the college scoring highest in the annual agricultural track meet at South Boston, Mass. Seventeen colleges took part.

### PLOWING RACE

The first event on the program was a plowing race over a five mile course. Three teams were entered, a sixteen horse hitch from Texas, a gas tractor from Iowa, and a one horse plow from Mass. Aggie. The excitement at the start was intense, hundreds of students who had walked the roads from Amherst, ridden freights from Iowa or broncos from Texas cheering their respective teams on to victory. At the crack of the starter's pistol the Texas team sprang forth at an extended gallop, leaving the other teams behind, but just before reaching the first bend their plow struck a New England boulder. The driver landed beside his plow a couple minutes later, but the horses have not been seen since. At the first curve, the Massachusetts and Iowa teams were neck and neck, but on the next straightaway the tractor got up speed and left the Massachusetts outfit far behind, apparently not in the running. Daredevil Corncribber, driving the old tractor, took the next corner on high, skidded, turned turtle, and crashed into the spectators, killing two Massachusetts men. We do not know whether this was intentional or not as Corncribber has not yet regained consciousness. The Massachusetts team did wonderfully from thence on, coming in an easy winner in the remarkable time of thirteen hours, forty-seven minutes, thirteen and four-fifths seconds.

### CORN SHELLING RACE

The Massachusetts men had everything set to win the hand corn shelling race, by lightly gluing shelled corn to cobs so it would fall off at a touch. As a result the betting on this race ran very high. The large stakes offered by the Massachusetts and Maine men greatly surprising the delegations from the Corn Belt, who knew Yankee shrewdness only as a story. At fifteen minutes time the Indiana team then in the lead had over one third of their corn shelled, neither the Maine nor the Massachusetts teams having yet commenced. At this point, fearing that Maine might be playing crooked, Massachusetts decided to shake the kernels off of their ears, but found to their surprise that half ripe flint corn had been substituted for their specially prepared ears. A little later Maine shook the kernels off the Massachusetts ears and won the race, Indiana taking second and Massachusetts last. The Massachusetts men are naturally very wroth at Maine's crooked playing.

## ANOTHER MASSACHUSETTS VICTORY

In the stock judging contest the Massachusetts team gave first place to a scrub cow not even considered by any of the other teams. The Colorado team was last to judge and handled very thoroughly all animals which appeared to have any chance of winning. When the judges came to make their decision the scrub was the only animal still alive and so the Massachusetts team added another victory to its list.

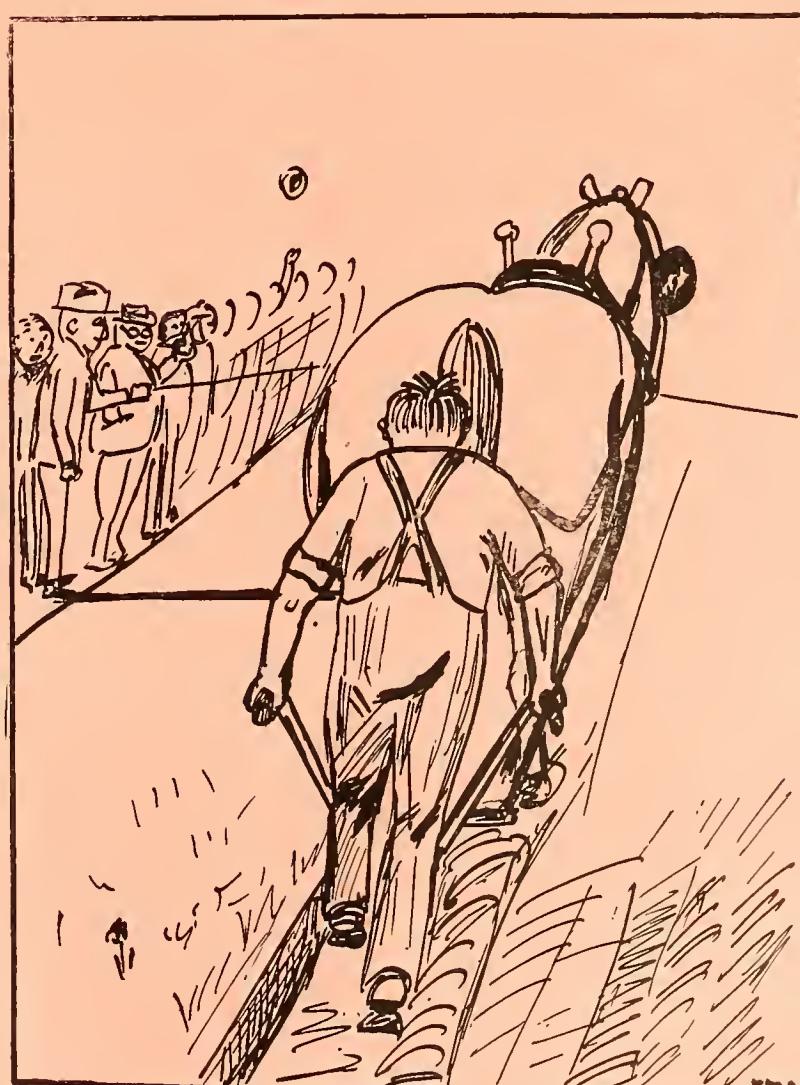
### CRANBERRY PICKING RACE

The cranberry picking race was a brand new event, and drew considerable interest. None of the contestants except Massachusetts had ever seen a cranberry before. California, Virginia, and Oklahoma began hunting among the cat briers. North Carolina, Michigan, and Missouri hurried to an evergreen grove. The Minnesota team, equipped with a steam tractor and hay rake for gathering the fruit, wisely followed the Massachusetts men to the cranberry bog, but got stuck in the mud.

Great credit is due the Massachusetts men and their instructors for their wonderful success in this meet, winning everything except the corn shelling race which was lost only through the unfair tactics of Maine.

## S

### AGGIE SOD-BUSTERS BREAK TAPE IN WALKAWAY RACE



# The Squib

## CARD TRICKS EXPOSED

**D**ON'T let the professional gambler cheat you. Know his bag of tricks.

Complete instruction book in all methods of cheating at cards for only twenty-five cents post paid.

Oily Ole

Mexico City

Mexico

S

## DO YOU KNOW

what thrills the underworld?

**W**E have been fortunate enough to secure a limited supply of that collection of art which Dr. Searley so vigorously denounced last week. We will supply to gentlemen of good reputation the complete set of twelve handsome lithographs for only one dollar per set as long as they last.

**SEE FOR YOURSELF**  
HOW WICKED THESE PICTURES ARE.

*Society for the Suppression of Vice,  
Holyoke, Mass.*

S

## AN INTERVIEW WITH "BATTLING" JOE THE WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

(As told to the public)

**I** WAS always robust from childhood and I always delighted in the pursuit of such games as required strength and skill. At an early age I became filled with a desire to be able to engage in fist-cuffs in such a way as I had read in the newspapers. A big, burly bully in my neighborhood was at that time continually molesting my pursuit of happiness so I determined that I should trounce this brute soundly and teach him to keep his unclean hands off my person. Therefore I began to train vigorously toward a good physical condition. Finally I was able to overcome this bully. I was elated and continued my vigorous Spartan training, meanwhile perfecting myself in such of the classic subjects as appealed to my nature. Imagine my unrestrained joy when a promoter of pugilistic encounters consented to procure an engagement for me with a boxer of note. From that time on you newspaper men know my history, and I shalln't have to bother you further.

Thank you ever so much for according me this opportunity of publicity.

## BANISH THE TOBACCO HABIT FOREVER

**W**E sell Paris Green, strychnine, methyl alcohol, and dynamite in large and small quantities.

*Sure Cure Co., Boston, Mass.*

S

## FITS

"Fits What"

**F**ITS of Laughter cured in one reading of college humorous magazines. Not Free. Send your quarter. Very good for spasms. As good as any seventeenth century novel. Show your spirit, write us your idea of a Joke.

*Squib.*

S

(As told to the reporter)

**I** ALWAYS been a husky kid. Me aold man—he's up the river now—used to git souised and when he come home he used ter wallop the daylights outer me. Dat made me a tough bird, believe me, kid. I got so as I'd chew glass bottles. Hard—dat's me! I had all the kids in de gang buffaloed when it come to strong stuff. Dat's me all over! Onct a wise guy got inter de gang 'n started in ter rag me. He was bigger 'an me. He got me sore so I trains up 'n one day I ups 'n lamps him on de beak. I crashed anoder inter his feedbag, and bu-lieve me bo, dat bloke never bothered me no more! Got sorter on me high horse after dat 'n I keeps on wid me training 'n let me schoolin' go. Den Shorty McNaren gits me a chanet at dis bloke "Nevada Kid." Say, what I did to that bimbo ain't woith mentionin'. I sent dat guy back to de bushes wid a kullyflower ear, a smashed beak, 'n two busted ribs. He never stood no show wid me.

But, h—, youse newspoiper blokes knows me record from den on. I ain't gonna spiel no more. See dat youse sticks in a good writeup. So-long, Jazzbo!

# The Squib

KIPLING IN THE WEST

**H**AIR of black,—the Sophomore Hop,  
Dancers gliding here and there,  
Slowly then her curls they drop  
On my shoulder, face so fair,  
Pearly teeth and flashing eye,  
Sing the Lover's Litany  
“Love like ours can never die.”

Hair of brown,—the country club,  
Wine and dancing, drink galore,  
Golf and tennis, showers and rub,  
Moonlight strolls, the white seashore,  
To the high-powered motor's purr  
And the night birds lonely cry,  
Softly then I say to her  
“Love like ours can never die.”

Hair of blond—the Junior Prom,  
Evening clothes and low cut dress,  
Beating hearts,—a little calm,  
Then closer in the corner press  
One or two, the watchers see?  
Make we then the same reply  
To tattered dress and dimpled knee  
“Love like ours can never die.”

Hair of red—the rising sun,  
Fog and dew so cool and wet,  
For the party now is done,  
And gone now is her last hair net,  
Stumbling, sleepy, arm in arm  
See the milkman pass us by,  
Morning casts its subtle charm  
“Love like ours can never die.”

They come and go,—so one by one,  
Girls they always set the pace  
Drink I've bought them by the ton,  
Spent hundreds for a pretty face  
And yet they're never satisfied,  
They even ask you for the sky  
Well better men than I have tried  
“So love like ours can never die.”

VIGOR OF YOUTH IN NEW DISCOVERY

Magic Power of a Bark from Africa.

**O**NE dose guzzled before a mirror will show you the Result. If you never howled before, you will be able to give vibrating cat calls even greater than those of Captain Capsicum. Monkey Glands will be a thing of the past. De Soto's “spring of youth” is a piker, to this great discovery. One man on using this remedy was brought back five years before his birth.

This bark comes from the African Tree known as the Jub Jub Tree, and grows on the bank of the river Wala Wala. The bank is scraped off by the Alladile while trying to rid himself of the Fleadom Commuters who try to use him for a ferry boat.

Free Trial. Do not send money in less than ten dollar checks.

*Jim Jam Jems*

*K. C. Jones*

“It's Youth that counts.”

S

**T**HERE were Policemen to the right of him;  
There were Policemen to the left of him;  
There were Policemen in front of him;  
But into the Mayor's office  
Rode all the Bootleggers.

S

WHAT-EVERY-MARRIED-WOMAN-SHOULD  
KNOW

HOW TO  
KEEP-YOUR-SWEETIE-HOME-NIGHTS!

**S**END for our complete catalogue of locks,  
bolts and keys.

*Safety First Novelty Co.,  
Manly, Mo.*



# The Squib

## SPORT REPORTS, GOSSIP AND QUERIES

**M**ME. Susie Schlutz is now a candidate for the woman's champion heavyweight title. Susie gives tips on training especially reported for this issue. She is known to have said, "A sock on the nose is worth two on the feet, and a wallop in the solar plexus is sure to make the constellation shine forth most radiantly." Now Susie is a mere slip of a girl tipping the bar at just three hundred. Speaking of bars, Susie says there's nothing like a mug o' beer with each meal to get the old vim, vigor and vitality of her youth—sh. Susie's just thirty-eight and was born with a fighting disposition. She says, however, that her great strength comes from her selected diet of wild horse radish and onions. Her idea came from the remark of a great statesman, we think it must have been Pat Henry. "For in onion there is strength." Susie says it's too bad to give all her secrets away but she's getting past her better days and would like to help out some other poor struggling wielders of the rolling pin. She says too, that her husband spends most of his nights at home now, working on some kind of an invention of his, down in the cellar, so she's minus a good sparring partner and is fast losing her form and aim from lack of practice.

Kid Knee is one of our more ambitious youths of the ring who is just busting into the limelight. As we say, he is very ambitious and aims high, usually landing his blows on or above the nose. His favorite method winning a match is to smash his opponents in both glimmers so that he no longer has a chance to see the light of victory. The kid is a very popular fighter as he can get a match from most anyone. The other day his landlady gave him a match to light the cigar his promoter gave him. He lit right into the first round which resulted in a clean knock-out—the cigar winning.

Our report would hardly be complete without an interview with our coming champion grappler, Olaf Stretcher. Olaf gets his title from sending his opponents out on stretchers. His favorite holds are oil stocks, but on the mat he says he has to hold his nose when he meets that Mexican, who eats garlic before every fall. Olaf says he's met

him in the Spring, with the same disastrous results. Olaf comes from Sweden and says his training diet is fish, he says that undoubtedly fish have given him plenty of backbone and have helped him to scale the ladder to fame; now he's swimming in wealth.

## Queries

Question: Why is a boxing match?

Answer: It isn't. The match is in the box.

Q: How big should the ring be and how roped?

A: The ring may be conveniently measured by a short piece of string on the third finger of the left hand. It can best be roped when the rest of the family are at the movies and a snow storm puts out the lights.

Q: How much should the referee receive?

A: If he is lucky,—twelve oranges, four loose lemons, three dozen ancient eggs, and eight concentrated cabbages.

## S

## ART

**I'**VE seen Venus de Milo without any shirt  
And paintings galore in the nude.  
But it all seems tame compared with the art  
I peruse each day with my food.

I've visited all galleries  
Where artist men do hover  
But I ne'er knew art until I'd turned  
The Police Gazette's front cover.

## S

## ADVICE—TO—HONEST—STUDENTS

**L**EARN how easy it would be to cheat! Learn how some men get high marks! Startling expose!! We have complete literal translations of all foreign classics. Catalogue sent free on receipt of 35 cents to cover postage.

*Caesar, Homer, and Co., Rome, N. Y.*

# The Squib

## FAMOUS POKER PLAYERS ~



DAVID BLOOM  
of New York  
*The man who kicks when a chip is taken out of his pot for the fifty.*



HOG BROWN  
of Amherst.  
*Who stands pat on a pair of deuces.*



JOHN BLUFFER  
of Dallas, Tex.  
*The man who "calls" everything.*



DOCTOR JAMES  
of Boston  
*11 P.M. '\$50.00 Ahead.*



DOCTOR JAMES  
of Boston  
*2 A.M. '\$50.00 Behind*

**PAPA:** Is the Police Gazette printed especially for the Police-men?

Yes Son. It's to keep them off the street.

S

## CHEMISTS—ATTENTION!

**H**OME laboratories are the rage. Start right by purchasing our copper-bottom distilling outfits. Pure water means long life. Sent complete for \$35.00.

Anheuser, Busch and Co.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

## CONFIDENTIAL DOPE

### RULES FOR WINNERS

#### How To Win More

1. Always "bluff" the loser.
2. Do not "bluff" the winners; chances are they will will "call" having chips to spare.
3. Play your cards strongest against the losers.
4. Green players "call" anything & everything. Beware!
5. Be absent-minded when necessary to fatten the pot. If anyone remarks "Who is shy?" Promptly say "I was first to put up."
6. Watch the pot. If it contains a surplus chip grab it quickly, saying, "I put up twice."
7. Whistle or hum the latest tunes—a sure balm to losers.
8. Hold "post-mortems" over each deal. It delays game at the same time it amuses the losers.
9. Always explain to the loser how he should have played and might have won. Observe his gratitude for your interest in his welfare.
10. When a heavy winner, be genial and pleasant. Smile frequently.
11. When a stranger is in the game and after 2 hrs. play rakes in his first pot do not fail to remark "As usual the stranger gets all the money." It will please him.
12. When your stack is high amuse the table with anecdotes and tales of famous poker hands. It will have a tendency to divert the minds of the losers.
13. When the cards are running your way, surreptitiously pocket your chips, few at a time, so you have not many before you. It will keep the losers guessing where all the money has gone. It may also save you from loaning out.
14. When in luck play your cards high.
15. Sympathize with losers; a little compassion goes a long way—sometimes.
16. When you have a strong hand against a loser, propose to divide—he will invariably refuse. Then pound him and when the pot is yours, blame him for not taking advantage of your well-meant offer. It will add much to his comfort.
17. Should you have four of a kind against an "ace full" shown by the loser say "two pairs" and as he prepares to take the pot, lay your hand before him. You will give him a peculiar sensation for which he will thank you—warmly.
18. When you make a phenomenal draw such as a "flush" or "full house" on a four card buy to an ace, against a loser's "pot straight" explain how you came in on an inspiration. It will console him—perhaps.
19. When you start in to play, name a definite hour when you will quit the game. When the time arrives, it will still remain optional with you to continue or not. If ahead, pocket your wealth, and excuse yourself.
20. Some players arrange to receive a telephone call or telegraph message calling them away. Or, at an afternoon party at a friend's your wife may call for you. Of course it depends upon the size of your stack whether or not to take advantage of these "unlooked for" opportunities.

### RULES FOR LOSERS

#### How To Lose More

1. Attempt to bluff the winners frequently and note the result.
2. Every time a pot is opened, go in on a small pair and stand all raises.
3. When you have three cards of a suit, buy two for a flush.
4. Draw for middle straights whenever the opportunity offers itself. Never despair.
5. When once in, assert that you cannot be forced out and prove it.
6. If you have a four-flush in your hand and you must play throw them all away and buy a "book."

# The Squib

LUCKY

**A**RE you Miss Fortunate?

That is my name. Who are you?

I am a coach driver

What do you want with me?

Well, you were to be married weren't you?

Yes.

Your husband had an awful accident on the way over.

What happened to him? Tell me please!

I ran into his other wife on the way over.

The Brute! He was married before. I am going to sue him for Breach of Promise.

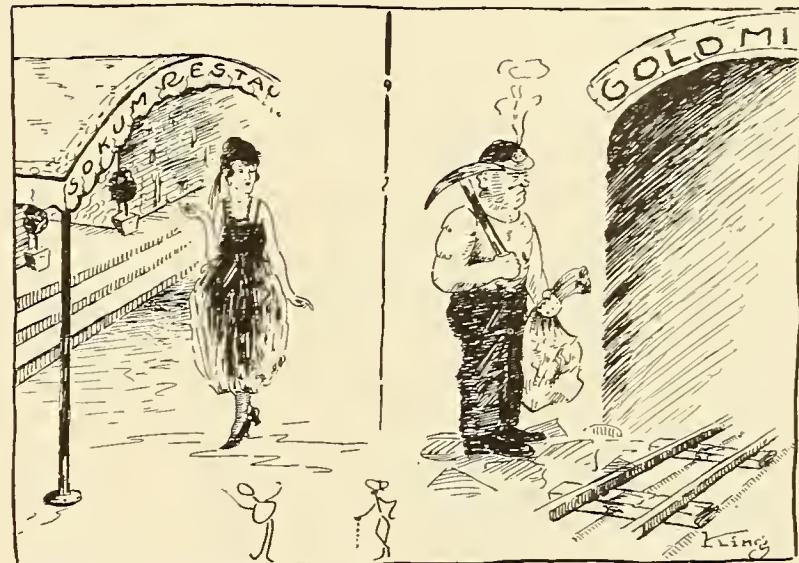
Yes, I would sue him for a promise of breeches. I beg your pardon Madam, I just mixed my words a bit. Your husband sent me to take his place.

But I don't know you.

But just the same, sweetheart, say the word that will make me happy for life.

No!

Thank You.



GOLD DIGGERS! ! ?

S

I C U R

I C U B

YY A J.Q

U XL me.

**T**HEY say, in the Gazette, that the course of true love is never smooth, but it is commonly thought that the roughness depends upon the fellow that's doing the loving.

S

AT THE BALL

S

**T**OM: Isn't Lucy beautiful tonight!

**J**erry: Ah, yes! She easily outstrips all the others!

S

**A**LGY: "I'll never play second fiddle to anyone!"  
Mary: "Then be my beau!"

—oh!

S

**J**AMES: Do you like deep-sea stories?  
**J**eems: Yes, if they're not too deep.

S

**M**ISS Aristocrat: I have a rug that goes back ten centuries.

Mr. Lowbrow: That is nothing. I have some furniture that goes back to the dealer tomorrow.

**S**O this is Paris!  
said the sock to the garter.

---

# The Squib

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HE SAW MOST EVERYTHIN'

HOW SHOCKING

**J**ED: Did you see any of those swell chickens down New York way, Lem?

Lem: Yup, most of 'em.

Jed: Oh, no, Lem! There's a lots of 'em you couldn't a seen.

Lem: Well, I mean, I saw most of 'em I did see.

S

**S**HE: You have got a low mind—

He: Do you believe in wireless telepathy?

She: Yes.

He: Well, that's what makes it so low just now!

S

A BOOTLEGGER'S TRIPLET

**P**OLICE may come  
And police may go,  
But I go one forever!

S

**T**HEY say Griggs came home on a stretcher two weeks ago?"

"Yes, he was practicing at the revolver club and didn't know his revolver was loaded."

"They say Griggs came home on as stretcher last week?"

"Yes, he was hunting grouse and didn't know his gun was loaded."

"They say Griggs came home on a stretcher this week?"

"Yes, he was shooting craps and he swears he didn't know that his dice were loaded."

**H**E: Did you say you were a farmerette?

She: Yes, I'm a *wheat* shocker.

S

**S**OPHOMORE: That was some woman you got for me last night.

Senior: She is a bit shy but she isn't bad for twenty years of age.

Sophomore: If she's twenty she's shy about ten years.

S

FOR FUSSERS ONLY

**S**OME poets talk a lot of Spring  
Of babbling brooks and birds on wing  
The Eternal Feminine is my theme  
For them I pine, desire and dream  
Of bobbed hair and dimpled knees  
Of flying dress in gentle breeze  
Of heaving breast and clinging arms  
Of brilliant eyes and subtle charms  
Of silken hose rolled at the top  
Of cozy nook and murumred "Stop"  
Of lips that meet and lingering kiss  
Of stillness and a half hour's bliss  
Of sinuous waist and feline grace  
Of pearly teeth and lovely face  
Of silvry voice and heartfelt coo  
O, may I go to Prom with you?

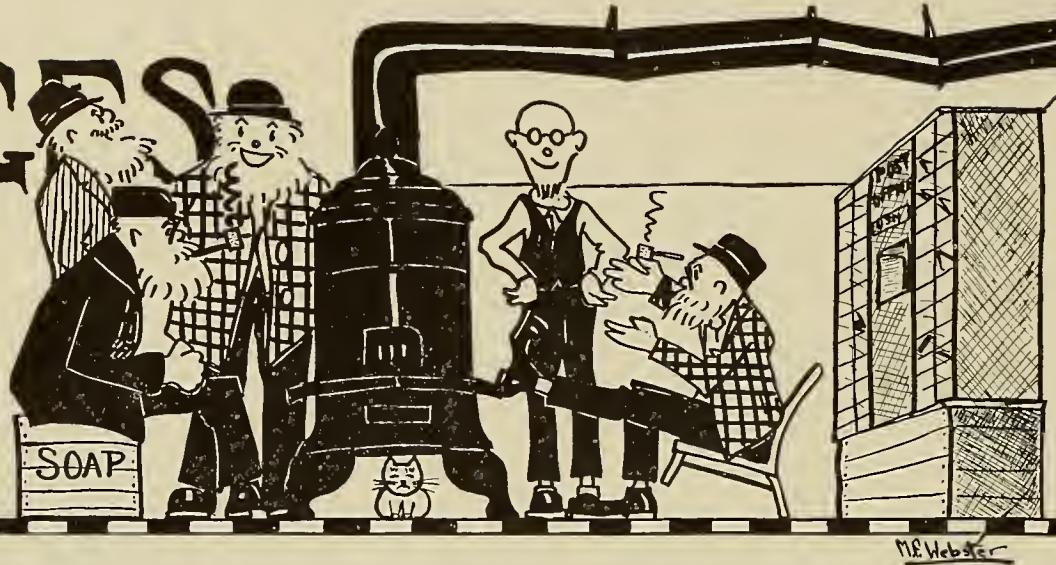
S

**A**BIE: Oy, Ikey, if you should kick me on der nose I would be sore all over.



BUSINESS IS PICKING UP

# EXCHANGES



Teacher: What do we most admire about the busy little bee?

Smart Boy: Once full he makes straight for home.

*Goblin*

Cousin Nell: Suppose your chick should lay an egg, would you give it to me, Johnny?

Johnny: No, I'd sell it to a museum; that chick is a rooster!

*Mink*

The style of girls' clothes now-a-days reminds me of a barbed wire fence.

Howzat?

They protect the property, but don't obstruct the view.

*Lord Jeff*

S

## MERRY MARY

Mary had a little skirt.

The latest style, no doubt,  
But every time she got inside  
She was more than half way out.

*Octopus*

S

Mae: I call him my Bermuda onion.

June: Yes?

Mae: He is so big and strong.

*Wasp*

S

## TAKING IT SERIOUSLY

So she didn't accept you when you proposed?  
She sure did.  
But you said she threw you down.  
She did, and held me there till I gave her the ring.

*Chaparral*

Northampton: When you think of the Prom, don't your thoughts always turn back to the big Ball?"

Dartmouth: No. To the three little ones.

*Jack-O-Lantern*

S

I sure do miss that cuspidor since it has gone.

"Well, you did that before," said friend wife.  
That's why it has gone.

*Wag Jag*

S

Sunday School Teacher: Will one of the little boys tell me who led the children of Israel into Canaan?

No reply.

Teacher (sternly): Little boy on the aisle seat, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Frightened Boy: It wasn't me, teacher. I just joined this Sunday.

*Record*

S

Swish: Gee, that's a wicked looking pair of shoes.

Swash: They are. Both soles gone to Hell already.

*Banter*

S

He: I went to Boston by music.

She: By music.

He: Yes, via Lynn.

*Purple Cow*

S

"There's a great field for this," said the bug-catcher running across the meadow.

*Octopus*



Jenks—"This hand deserves another boost; but I'm down to my last chip. Can I bet the new Golf Suit I'm wearing?"

Gwynne—"The suit is O. K., but this is no millionaires' game! Our limit is still \$50."

Jenks—"I know the suit looks like a million dollars; but I paid Wallach Bros. \$50 for it! It's a bet!"

## Q. E. D.

There seem to be stores, which in a perfectly good natured way, affect surprise that our visits to the various colleges are so overwhelmingly successful in a commercial sense.

What they fail to grasp is that the mere sending of Representatives to the Colleges does not make a store a College Store, any more than an electric horn would make a donkey cart an automobile.

It has been common knowledge among college men for several generations that we have the qualities they want in hats, haberdashery and clothes, at substantially lower prices than elsewhere. And knowing this, the college man in college acts the same as when he is in New York—trades with us.

"Satisfaction or Money Back"

**Wallach Bros.**  
Hats, Haberdashery and  
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX  
Clothing.

"Four New York Stores"

Broadway, below Chambers  
Broadway, cor. 29th  
246-248 West 125th  
3d Ave., cor. 122d

SPECIAL

**Tuxedo**  
Coat and Trousers

**\$55**

STYLED AND TAILORED BY  
Hart Schaffner & Marx  
WHICH MEANS THEY ARE  
CORRECT

General Offices  
Broadway, cor. 29th Street  
New York

## NOT TO SPEAK OF

I see the girls gave back all frat pins  
Those you see are very few—  
The truth is simple and convincing  
There's nothing left to pin them to.  
*Froth*

Pop (to his bright infant): "What's wrong?"  
Son (twelve years old): "I had a terrible scene  
with your wife."

*Cap and Bells*

Angler: "It was such a big one that it pulled me into the river!"

Friend: "Got a good drenching, I suppose?"  
Angler: "Not a bit of it—luckily I fell on the fish."

*Passing Show (London)*

"Good book you're reading, Sadie?"

"Naw, Rosie, it's rotten. I've read three pages and he hasn't kissed her yet."

*Sun Dodger*

"Healthy place, this, I suppose?"

"Sure, when I first came here I was too weak to walk."

"Really?"

"Yes; I was born here."

*Record*

## New Discovery In Coat and Trouser Hooks

Especially for sloppy people, college men also. Easy to assemble. Consists of twelve nails and one floor. Simply hammer nails in carpet. Cloths can be easily thrown on hooks.

*See*

**WHITE '22**

# *Printing - Ruling - Binding*

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**"The Kind Worth While"**

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## **EXCELSIOR PRINTING CO.**

Phone 59

North Adams, Mass.

*Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes*

*Parker, Tyson and Arrow Shirts*

*Interwoven Sox--Mallory Hats*



CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN  
FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS



# **F. M. Thompson & Son**

### **SUSPICIOUS**

Dentist: "Do you want gas lady?"

Patient: "Why, certainly: do you think I'll let you fool around with me in the dark?"

*Ex.*

"Did you make the trip across in a first class cabin?"

"No, I made the entire voyage by rail."

*Flamingo*

He: "Dear, if I can't return for dinner, I shall send you a note."

She: "Do not bother yourself, Hon., I have already found the note in your inside pocket."

*Widow*

Shoe Salesman: "I have a nice Oxford brogue."

Freddie: "Is that so? I never noticed it, but then, this is the first time I ever heard you speak."

*Brown Jug*

OPEN OR CLOSED PACKARDS  
FOR HIRE

# City Taxicab Co.

The Company That Carries  
Your Athletic Teams

Tel. 96-W



Draper Bldg.                            Northampton  
  
ED. SARAZIN, Prop.

## Hardware

---

ELECTRIC LAMPS

SKIS

SNOW SHOES

and

SPORTING GOODS

---

*The Mutual Plumbing & Heating Co.*

AMHERST

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her poor husband a drink.  
But as she drew nigh,  
The country went dry,  
So she brought him a drink from the sink.

*Goblin*

Behold the festive motor cars  
Go tootin' round the town!  
Some drivers deign to pick you up—  
An' some to run you down!

*Goblin*

He: "For heaven's sake girl, look at the rouge  
you have on your lips."

She: "Oh well, the evening's young yet."

*Punch Bowl*

## DRAWING A GOOD CONCLUSION

Art: "So she refused you."

Alf: "That's the impression I received."

Art: "Didn't she actually say 'no'?"

Alf: "No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha-ha-ha!'"

*Sun Dodger*

You will find a first class Restaurant

at

## BOYDEN'S

*M. A. C. Students*

*always welcome*

196 Main St.

Northampton

As usual

# “SQUIBBY”

comes through with the goods again!

After you get through with this  
Police Gazette affair, get your  
mind and mouth all set for a  
sure fire “hot-dawg” number.

*To be Announced.*

## Boost Don't Knock

# The Agie Squib

Lamentations  
Number



W O R K

NOYES '24

KODAKS

VICTOR RECORDS

## DEUEL'S DRUG STORE

WATERMAN  
FOUNTAIN PENS

DUNHILL, BBB,  
TREBOR AND  
KAGWOODIE  
PIPES

### PAYING IN ADVANCE

The other day a fellow put a sign on his coat in the L. A. Building—"The owner of this coat is a member of the boxing team and can deliver a knockout blow of 250 pounds. I shall return in five minutes."

When he came back the coat was gone, but the sign said—"You're all wrong. The owner of this coat is a member of the track team and can do the half mile in two minutes flat. I shall not return."

*Froth*

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### FLAPPANT

I am just a flapper  
You've heard of me, I'm sure  
I am the one the ministers  
Are trying hard to cure.  
They say I wear my skirts too short  
My dress is far too low  
They must have studied closely  
Or else,—how do they know?

*Beanpot*

### YOU TELL 'EM, SMOKE UP

Cords: "Did you receive a notice from the Registrar to call on him?"

Rushee: "I went to see him, but as he was not there my conscience is clear—I just left my calling card and now it is up to him."

*Chaparral*

### PROOF

"Hubby, do you love me?"  
"Of course."  
"How much do you love me?"  
"Well, here's my check book. You can glance over the stubs."

*Judge*

Mother: "The train service in Boston must be terrible."

Father: "Howzat?"

Mother: "Why, Clarence writes that he was forced to spend an entire night in Station 16."

*Voo Doo*

She: "Isn't it cold?"

He: "A-huh."

She: "Isn't it cold?"

He: "A-H-UH."

She: "Will someone please ring this dumbell?"

*Octopus*

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Mine in a donkey's bray.  
His girl is fast and dangerous,  
Mine is pure and good,  
And would I change my girl for his?  
You bet your life I would—NOT.  
(My girl's old man owns 100 bottles of Scotch)

*Mainiac*

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We Both Lose

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**C. F. DYER**

---

**WHAT DID HE MEAN?**

Speaker at assembly: "When I was two years old my parents died and I have done many other things since."

---

**A HOT TIME**

English as she is written: "The Black Prince, being popular with the nobility, was toasted on every side."

---

Some people are sensible—others study on Saturday night.

---

**WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER**

"I cut off only one hundred heads yesterday."

"You don't say. They must have been big fellows if that's all you got."

"That's so. The bigger they come, the better I like it."

"You wouldn't mind cutting off a few heads for me would you?"

"No, I can cut off all you want."

"You might get me a barrelful. We use a lot of cabbage."

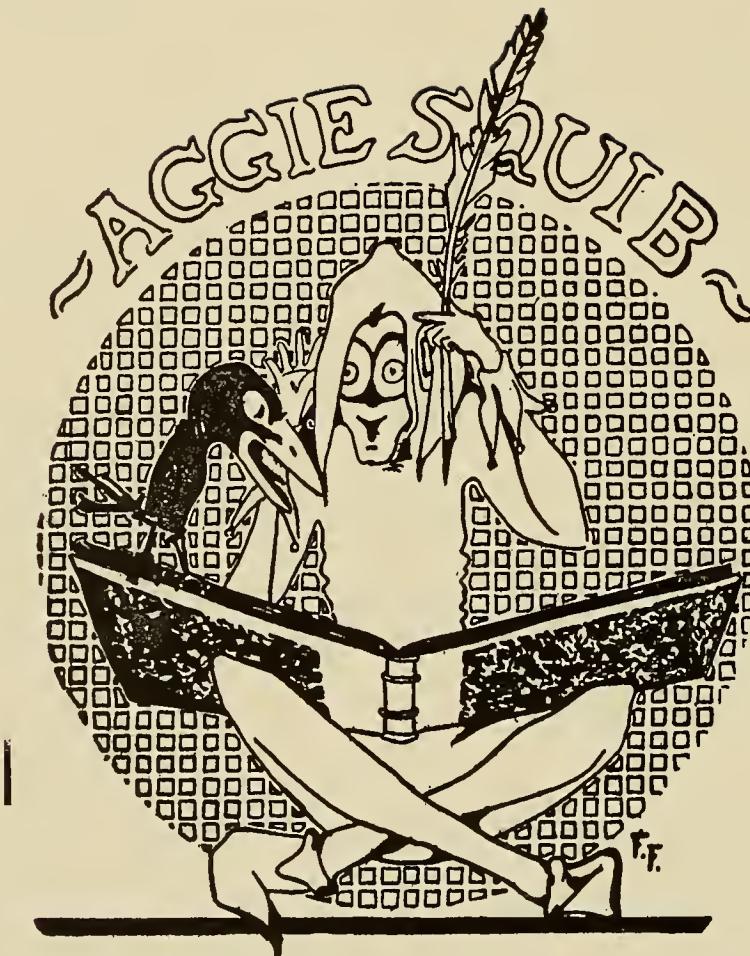
## Foreword

The leaves do come. The leaves do go.  
Plants blossom, fruit, and die.  
The same is now as when I saw  
The pliosour move by.

The seniors come. The seniors leave,  
A never ending flow.  
I see them now, I know them well,  
But soon they too must go.

Go from the ranks of college youths  
Into the world of men.  
Some to fail, and some to succeed  
And some we'll not see again.

Lost in the churning restless sea,  
In that corner of life where the workers be.  
Slaves to work, from life's duties unfree.  
Lost to their Alma Mater.



## QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE

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### SUBSCRIBERS

Any changes of address of subscribers should be reported to the Circulation Manager. Those not receiving copies are requested to notify him at once so that proper delivery can be made.

"I'M entering society," said the oyster as Mrs. YOU tell 'em, oak. You've got the gall.  
Vanderbilt swallowed.

---

# The Squib

---

**G**AT: "Do you like chhoeolate kisses?"  
Nut: "Sure, but I prefer them from white  
girls."

S

"**I** MUST have your finger-prints."  
"I haven't got any."  
"Why not?"  
"The army took them."



S

"**T**HAT'S carrying a joke too far."  
"How's that?"  
"I paid fifty dollars for one hundred pounds of  
butter, and got a billy-goat."

S

"**T**HEY say you are my oyster,"  
To the World the Senior said—  
"But what to pry you open with  
I can't get thru my head!"

S

## NEVER NO MORE

**N**O more I'll wear a freshman hat  
And skip the figure nine.

No more I'll sweep the hoekey rink  
Or run the gauntlet line.

No more I'll take the ear to Hamp  
And miss the last one home.  
No more up Toby's wooded slopes  
I'll have a chanee to roam.

No more I'll hear the college bell  
Proelaim the morning chapel.  
No more I'll roam the orehard thru  
To find the juiey apple.

No more I'll hear the weleome "Hi"  
Or give the college eheer.  
I'll miss the elm-lined eampus walks.  
Fare well to Aggie dear.  
My college days are over.

## Characters:

1. The Army.
2. General Shirtsoff.

Act 1. (General Shirtsoff is ealling the roll of his favorite company.)

The General: "Private Krwmsky."

Private K.: "Here."

The Gen: "Private Btrksoff."

Private B.: "Here."

(At this point the general sneezes violently)

The rest of the army: "Here."

S

## WHICH EVENS IT UP

**T**HERE are girls that make wonderful fudge,  
and wonderful girls that make fudge."

S

**Y**OU tell 'em, dictionary. The word's aren't  
in me.

# The Squib

## LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE

**Q**UESTION: "Which comes first, the hen or the egg?"

Answer: "The egg doesn't come at all, but stays in the nest until we go and get it."

Q: "Why are good looking girls often unsuccessful students?"

A: "Many profs cannot pass a good looking girl."

Q: "I oversleep every morning. How can I wake myself up?"

A: "Stick a pin into yourself."

Q: "Why is water wet?"

A: "Because it isn't dry, stupid."

Q: "What is the meaning of B.S.—2?"

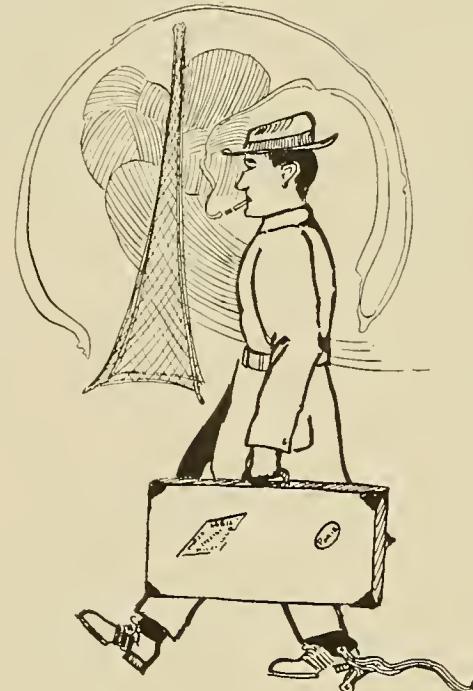
A: "Graduate of the two year course."

Q: "My brother is tide in the Sahara Desert. How can I rescue him?"

A: "There must be some mistake. There can be no tide where there is no water."

S

S



So THIS IS PARIS!

**W**ISE Prof: "What do we call sodium aluminum silicate?"

Fresh Stude: "I'll bite."

Wise Prof: "Correct. Albite."

**C**ORRINE: "Jack kissed me last night."

Maxise: "Is that right?"

Corrine: "I don't know,—but he did."

S

**T**WO football players went to Hell together.

After a couple weeks carrying around the coals of fire and working to their waists in boiling brimstone, one of them approached His Satanic Majesty. "We've been enjoying ourselves immensely, cap," he said. "We've had some good hot workouts, but if its all the same to you we'd like to know when we have the first game."

"FAT LADY TIPS SCALES AT 350 POUNDS."

**H**OW does she get that weigh?

S

TOO TRUE!

**W**HEN was the C.V. and B. & M. borne into Amherst?

Must have been about the sixth day because that was when the Lord made all the rest of the creeping things.

S

**Y**OU tell 'em little opium pipe. You've got the dope.



# *Editorials*



**J**O some, June brings up thoughts of flowers and sunshine, roses and brides, but to the collegiate mind it is truly a most lamentable month. It is lamentable to the senior to terminate his college days. It is lamentable to the lower classman to see him go. Soon some seniors will lament their inability to secure work, and others will lament having found it. The Squib Board laments that it did not put out a better paper last year,—and our readers like-wise. Truly a most lamentable time, but after all, Great Scott, isn't it great just to be alive in June!

## S

**E**IIGHT months ago, the Squib asked the financial support of the student body in order that it might continue its work on this campus. We thank the student body for that support. We feel that in quality of material and in regularity of issuance, this year has been the banner year of The Aggie Squib, altho we willingly admit that the Squib is still way behind what it ought to be. We ask the student body for more support in the coming year than in the past. If we receive the financial support we received last year we will publish the Squib. Unless we have more men out for the board, however, the student body must be content with an inferior product. Graduation leaves but three men in the literary department of the Squib. Unless we have more support we will be so busy writing second rate humor next fall that we will have no time to get inspirations for anything good. There is not a man in college with an inclination to work, but what we can use in one department or another. We respectfully refer our readers to the following from the "New York Tribune."

"The faculty publications committee of the University of Washington has ordered the students' monthly magazine to suspend. There is not enough comic material at the university to enable a humorous magazine to survive, it claims. The case of a university so lacking in humor and the capacity for expressing it as to be unable to get out a funny paper once a month must be sad indeed. Such seriousness is unnatural and unimaginable. It should be harder to avoid comical situations and outbursts of clever retorts among students than to let them occur.

Whether the students agree with the faculty's opinion that the paper is not funny the dispatches do not say. Maybe the faculty so appeals to the sense of humor of the young editors that the paper is filled up with its doings to the exclusion of all else. Such unfairness could not be tolerated, of course. But if the spirit of fun has really departed from the student body of the University of Washington, then it is time to establish a course in pure nonsense, with clowns for professors. A college without its share of nonsense should not be permitted to exist."

Them's our sentiments 'zactly.

---

# The Squib

---

"I MUST take your temperature."  
"You can't."  
"Why not?"  
"The other doctor took it."

S

IN German 2: "Can you decline 'ein glass bier?"  
Old Timer: "I never have yet."

S

DUMB: "What is the most sanitary housing  
for a pig?"  
Bell: "A fountain pen, you soup!"

NO, Evangeline, we can't dispense with cows  
when we get a milking-machine.

S

ISAACS: "Undt suppose dey did send us a  
message from Mars, how could dey tell if we  
got it?"

Cohen: "Vell, dey might send it collect undt  
see if we paid for it?"

"DO you know," said the hash house denizen  
as he pushed aside his bowl, "that this vege-  
table soup is just like my genetics book."

"Spring it," replied his fellow sufferer.  
"I don't know half of what's in either of them,"  
replied the former as the head waiter pushed him  
out the door."

S

S

THE funeral of Lewis W. Paine\*\*\*\*took place  
yesterday afternoon. The body was taken  
to the crematory at Forest Hills.

The suggestion of utilizing some of the ashes on  
the sidewalks to make walking more safe has met  
with approval."

*The Quincy Patriot*

S

S

## READ 'EM AND WEEP!

IF she were only in Kalua  
Where the moonlight gleams so bright,  
Out on the shimmering water  
Oft on the starry night.

To sway and swing in the rythmned maze  
To clasp, to hold with wondered daze  
Her warm sweet vibrant living form,  
To yearn, yet have not, can't be borne.

Though rose and jasmine bloom as fair,  
And songs of love perfume the air,  
'Tis sad and dreary in Kalua;  
She's gone for good, she is not there.

YOU tell 'em vertebrate, you've got the back-  
bone.

S

BOSS: "Why do you charge five dollars for  
knifing Kelley? You only asked one for  
Le Boeuf."

Patrick: "Shure, al' if ye don't consider an  
Oirish man's loife wur-ruth foive times thot of  
a bloomin' Frinchy, thin Oi'me done wid yes!"



THE PURP: "WHERE DO I COME IN?"

# The Squib

## A GRAVE RHYME

THE graveyard is a terrible place,  
You lay on your back with dirt in your  
face.  
  
'Stop and look as you pass by  
As you are now so once was I  
As I am now so you will be  
Prepare for death and follow me!  
  
'Here lies the body of Jonathan Hall  
His horse kicked him one day in the stall.'  
  
'Here lies poor old Henry Reeve  
He had a fifth ace up his sleeve.'  
  
'John Paul Jones lies buried here  
He got wood alcohol in his beer.'  
  
'Sambo Johnson rests at your feet  
He thought dynamite was good to eat.'  
  
'Here lie the pieces of Agnes Peck  
She and a train were in a wreck.'  
  
'Here in peace lies Adolph Poole  
He got too close behind a mule.'  
  
'Far down below lies Laura Pratt  
She mistook a skunk for a pussy cat.'  
  
'Here lies the mother of twenty-eight  
She would have had more but now its too late.'  
  
'Here rests Henry Bimbo Aster  
A bull chased him and went the faster.'  
  
'Michael Ryan lies under this rock  
His wife kissed him. He died of shock!'

Paddock '23



## TRYING TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET OR "SHORT SUITED"

S

COLLEGE Grad: "I'm looking for a job that will be good for a lifetime."

Employment Agency Manager: "I have an opening for a bright young man as President of Mexico."

S

STUDENT A: "Who starred in the Dartmouth game?"

Student B: "The scorekeeper."

Student A: "How is that?"

Student B: "He scored all thirty-four points."

S

## OVERHEARD ON HIGH SCHOOL DAY

AGGIE Man in the cow barn: "That cow is giving 25 qts. of milk a day."

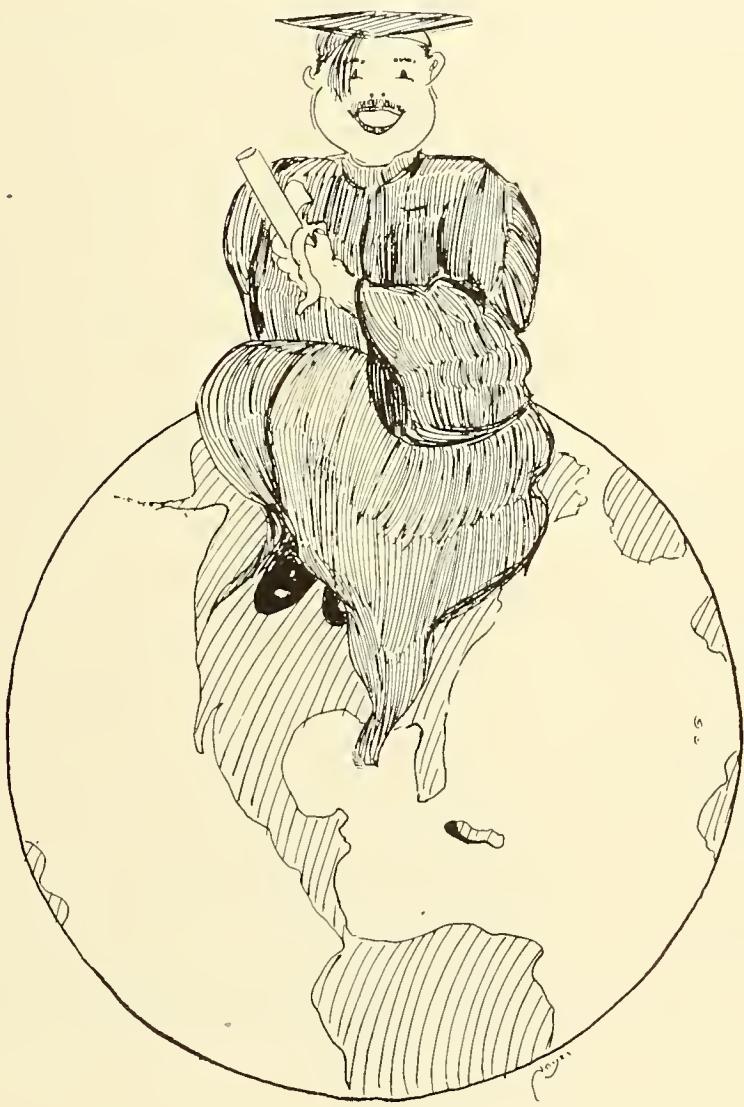
High School Man in the hog house, later: "And how many pounds of pork a day do you get from this hog?"

NO, Archibald, the horses do not use a hay fork in eating.

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# The Squib

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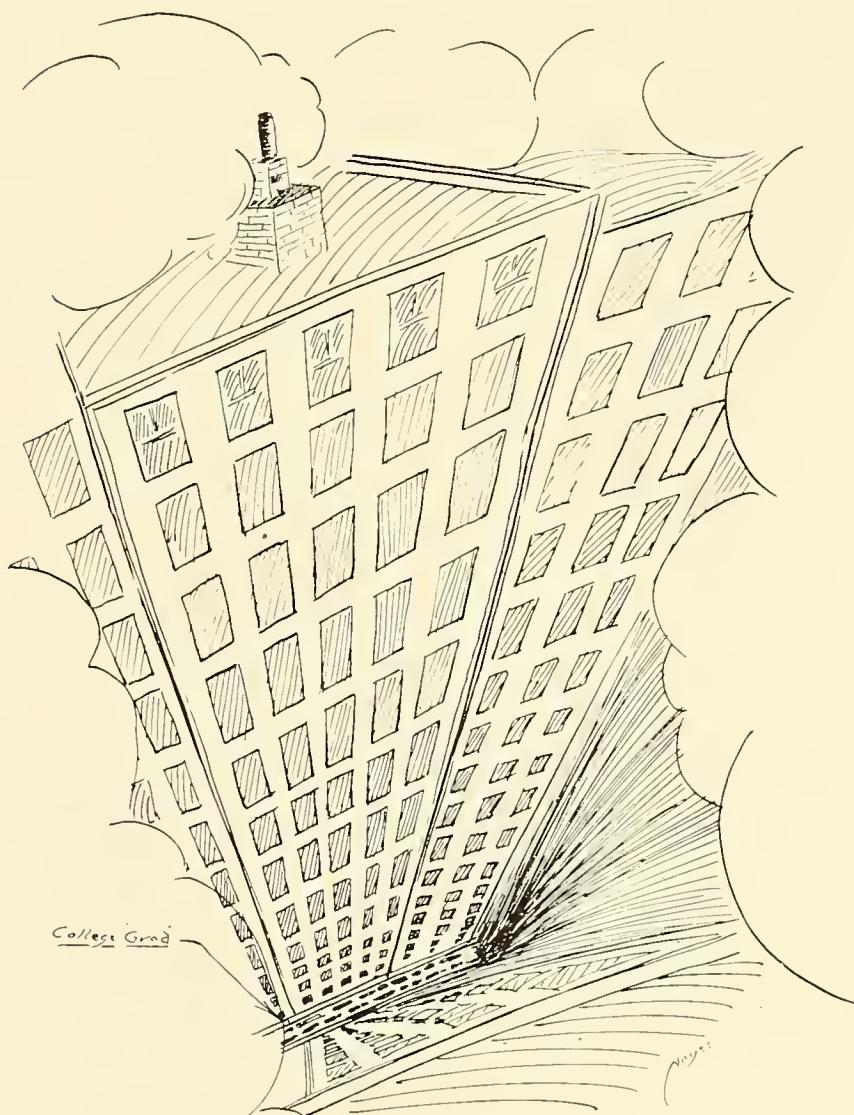
THE COLLEGE GRAD

I

THE college grad right full of mirth  
Thinks he owns the whole darned earth.  
Sittin' there with dip so proud,  
Got his head up in the cloud.  
Goin' out to get some show,  
Use the head and not the hoe.  
Got some head, believe me, Bo,  
It's so big his hat won't show.  
A moustache, too, adorns his lip,  
Best not laugh, he'll have the pip.  
A girl awaits him at the river  
She's so thin she'd make you shiver.  
Well, at that he's pretty glad  
Just to be a college grad.

II

THE college grad now seems more sad  
For not a job ean there be had.  
'Mid scrapers tall that seemed to sway  
He's searched for many a weary day.  
He's hunted low, he's hunted high  
But no position ean espie.  
"How queer," cried he, "What can it mean,  
I always had a good clear bean !  
When now I say, 'A college grad,'  
The guy turns 'round and says, 'Too bad.'  
I'll show 'em yet; just wait and see,  
They'll all look 'round and point at me  
And say some twenty-five years hence,  
'He's at the top—he's just immense!'"



---

# The Squib

---

## TO THE SENIORS

As a rule	I heard an oration	As ye seem to be
I support firmly	That for sheer force	Is shure to roise
And without reservation	And eloquence	If ut gets a bit over hated
The universal right to free speech	Would put	Of course
But	Wilson	One has to make allowances
Being of a modest	Bryan	For a man
And unassuming disposition	And even Putnam	With a brogue like that
I have found that there are some subjects	Into a voiceless trance	Now I realize
Such as	It seems	Fully
Prohibition	That one of our Stately Seniors	That the above
And Freud	Had occasion to request	Is a very loud
And Flappers	One of our still more stately	And reprehensible
And the merits of the Seniors	*G. D. Gents	Razzberry
That require diplomacy	For a match	For our beloved Seniors
Not to mention	To which that worthy	But I figgered
Imagination	Replied	That what with their loving families
In their treatment	Somewhat as follows	And friends
Now we all have heard the usual line	Shure	And girls
Handed out to the Worthy Seniors	An' Oi could niver foind	And everything
Upon their debut	The match of yez	They might welcome
More than once	If Oi hunted from here	A bit of salt
I have yearned	To Oirland	Or a lemon or two
Hopelessly	But ye c'n take a loight	With all the sugar
For the opportunity	From me poipe	At any rate.
Of acquiring a bit of the grace	An' welcome	I trust there are no hard
And ease	But do yez be careful	Fists coming my way
Indulged in by our Commencement Speakers	Me b'y	For while I am
But between you and me	An' don't be smokin'	Always strongly
I lack the required nerve	That bit o' pa aper	Not to say
Speaking of speeches	Too close	Vociferously
To the Seniors	Or we'll have to go afther yez	In favor of Free Speech
Just the other day	Wid a floying machine	I am utterly opposed
	F'r it stands to rason	To freedom
	Thot annythin'	Of action

---

# The Squib

---

**I** THINK I have lost my train," said the queen,  
as her pet poodle skipped off with her drapery.

S

**B**ULL: "When is railroad stock like an easy chair?"

Frog: "When it is below pa."



GOSH! I WONDER IF I LIT THE RIGHT END!

S

## SIX PAIRS OF HOSE

**A**LL darned in a drawer—  
Brite young thing: "Rolling stoek all in  
good condition."

## THE PARTING SHOT

S

**T**HE heavens are filled with our laments,  
The streets are drenehed with our tears,  
For the eream of the campus is leaving—  
Our leaders—our prophets—our seers.

## A LAMENTATION

**I** met a maid quite passing fair,  
A gentle smile 'neath golden hair,  
A voee so sweet it seemed to me  
That I heard a thrush in the loeust tree.  
A girl it seemed just made for me,—  
This maid I met by the locust tree.

Before I could meet my vision again  
She'd married a widower, two seore and ten,  
A man who'll maltreat her, the neighbors think.  
And his farm is known for its awful stink.  
The neighbors they all sit and think,  
Wondering what she eould see in this gink.

Now I am unmarried, an unhappy grouch,  
I'd eroak were it not for occasional debauch.  
The moral, if any, should be very plain,  
To be slow in love is to flirt with pain.  
But a girl's whims and faneies, who ean explain?  
If I should attempt it 'twould make me insane.

How ean we hope to run college  
As efficiently, strietly, and true  
Without the aid of our Seniors,  
The matehless of '22?

Now who will wait on our tables,  
And who will salute our Profs?  
Who will support the Informals—  
And who'll hand the razz to the Sophs?

The heavens are filled with our laments—  
Come: wouldn't you shed a tear?  
There ain't going to be no more eollege  
'Till the Juniors are Seniors next year!

# EXCHANGES



Pop Jones, to neighbor sawing wood: "I hear your woman has a terrible bad cold. Is that her coughin' now?"

Friend neighbor: "No, it's our new chicken-coop."

*Brown Jug*

S

## NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES

Sergeant (explaining for the first time the technique of throwing hand grenades): "Now, everybody count four out loud, and then throw the grenade as fast as you can."

Rookie (jumping out of trench): "I'm quitting this game right here!"

Sergeant: "What's the matter with you?"

Rookie: "The man next to me studders."

*Lord Jeff*

S

## MOTOR FUN

He: "I had a blowout last nite."

She: "I think you're mean, you never invite me to any of your parties."

*Octopus*

S

## DRIP

Woman (hiring plumber): "Are you a Union man?"

Plumber: "Gawd, no! I'm Hawvard."

*Jester*

S

She: "Is he very bashful?"

Second Ditto: "When he took me on the roller-coaster he told me to hold tight to the bar or I'd fall out."

*Virginia Reel*

1st Colored Gent: "Whe' yo all gwine?"

2nd Ditto: "I'se gwine home to ma wife an' chilluns."

1st C. G.: "Come on there, niggah, you all ain't got no wife an' chilluns."

2nd Ditto: "Yes ah has too. Ah has a wife an a bushel of chilluns."

1st C. G.: "Har, Har, who ebber heered of bushel of chilluns?"

2nd Ditto: "Well sah, ah married a widow named Peck with four chilluns and four pecks make a bushel."

*Sun Dodger*

"So you've sold out three dozen pairs of garters since morning?" cried the lady customer. "I don't see where they all go to."

"Neither do I," blushed the male clerk.

*Whirlwind*

S

"Where do you live?" asked the census taker.

"I live by the church," replied the deacon, as he pocketed the collection.

*Yale Record*

S

He: "Do you like blind dates?"

She: "Oh yes, and deaf and dumb ones as well?"

He: "How do you mean, deaf and dumb?"

She: "The kind that read your lips by touch."

*Brown Jug*

S

## THE DEUCE YOU SAY

"Have you read the write-up in the Bible of the Egyptian tennis game?"

"No, What does it say?"

"Joseph served in Pharaoh's court."

*Flamingo*



First Senior (sadly)—“A few hours now, and the beautiful friendships and fine associations of college years will be little more than memories.”

Second Senior—“Stow that baccalaureate stuff, Old Timer! Most of us will be continually running into each other in one of the Wallach Bros.’ stores.”

## *After another year— an appreciation*

Last Fall, by way of extending our service to our friends in the colleges, we commenced sending Representatives to visit you periodically.

As everyone knows, we were influenced to do this by the hearty and repeated invitations of graduate and undergraduate customers. If possible, however, our welcome has been even warmer than the original invitation—everywhere.

Old customers have not only gone out of their way to make us feel at home; nothing would do but what their friends should also be our friends and customers. For all these courtesies we again thank you.

*“Satisfaction or Money Back”*

## Wallach Bros.

Hats, Haberdashery and  
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX  
Clothing.

“Four New York Stores”

Broadway, below Chambers  
Broadway, cor. 29th  
246-248 West 125th  
3d Ave., cor. 122d

SPECIAL

## Tuxedo

Coat and Trousers

**\$55**

STYLED AND TAILORED BY  
Hart Schaffner & Marx  
WHICH MEANS THEY ARE  
CORRECT

General Offices  
Broadway, cor. 29th Street  
New York

Good pictures may be taken through a pin hole, but did you ever see one that was taken through a key hole?

Owl: “Have you ever noticed that breeze rhymes with knees?”

Growl: “Yeh, and it rhymes with sneeze, too, doesn’t it?”

*Flamingo*

## SURE CURE FOR LOVE SICKNESS

Stick your head in a bucket of cold water three times and take it out twice.

*Malteaser*

S

## CONSISTENCY

She sat up straight, she tossed her head.  
“I’m not that kind of girl,” she said;  
“I don’t allow strange men to kiss me,  
“You know it’s really rather risky.”

His features burned, his face was ashen  
“I say,” he said in baffled passion,  
“That’s not the way to treat a chap;  
“If you feel like that, get off my lap.”

*Chaparral*

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#### **NICE FELLOW**

"I met a generous fellow last week."  
"Uh-huh?"

"When I was going past a farm the other day  
a bull pup came out, ripped up my best suit,  
chewed a piece out of my leg, and wouldn't let  
go until I had choked him to death. Yesterday  
the farmer asked me to come around to  
settle damages. When I appeared, he said the  
dog was worth \$500, but seeing the dog had started  
the fight, and I had suffered some injuries, and  
apparently was not a rich man anyway, he'd  
be satisfied if I paid him \$100."

#### **GREAT LIFE**

I'd love to be a college prof  
With nothing else to do  
But give the students their exams.  
And grin—and flunk a few.

*Beanpot*

"The Great Salt Lake is falling off of the  
earth," cried an unlucky bacterium as a big tear  
dropped from Margie's cheek.

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AMHERST

"I'm right in the swim of society," said the little fish at Palm Beach.

## SOMETHING WRONG

"You may give me a pound of raisins, a cake of yeast, a peck of apples—"

"Yes, yes."

"And four cakes of soap."

"Huh! I'll never try that recipe," said the grocer, as he turned away.

*Judge*

"He's having a drink on me," thought the elephant as its driver drew out his flask.

Dear Captain Billy: "Why do most men appear to take more pleasure in kissing pretty flappers in preference to grass widows?"—Omar Cayenne.

"The difference, my boy, is as between Delightful Acquiescence and Frantic Cooperation.

*Whiz Bang*

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*Glory*

# The College Grad Has **SQUIIBBY**

To help him back the world with a smile. Squibby makes everybody happier. Gives Old Man Gloom a run for his money.

This issue is the last one for this college year. The best year Squibby has yet had! It is our first year under the Non-Athletic Board.

We are getting organized to give you a bigger Squib than ever. Be ready to help and support your own college publication.

**THE AGGIE SQUIB**